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VERSES FOR HOLY SEASONS.





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VERSES FOR HOLY SEASONS.

✓  
By C. F. H.

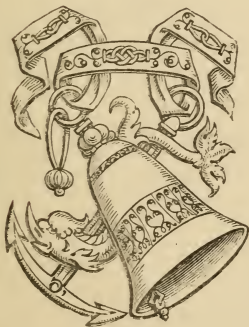
AUTHOR OF "HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN," "THE  
BARON'S LITTLE DAUGHTER," ETC.

EDITED BY

✓  
WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D.

VICAR OF LEEDS.

✓✓  
[ (Mrs) Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander ]  
FOURTH EDITION.



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1858.





TO THE  
AUTHOR OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR,  
THIS ATTEMPT TO ADAPT THE GREAT PRINCIPLE OF  
HIS IMMORTAL WORK TO THE EXIGENCIES  
OF THE SCHOOLROOM, IS  
INSCRIBED,  
WITH FEELINGS OF REVERENCE AND RESPECT  
BY ONE OF THE MANY THOUSANDS  
WHO HAVE PROFITED BY  
HIS LABOURS.





## PREFACE.

**T**HE following Hymns were written by a Lady resident in Ireland, with a view of adapting the principle observed in *The Christian Year* to the capacities of the young and uneducated. This volume may therefore be considered as a *Christian Year for Children*, in which the attempt is made, by simple hymns, to express the feelings, and enforce the instructions, which, in her distribution of the year, the Church of England suggests.

As the object has been to provide the young with verses which they may readily understand and easily learn, the most simple metres have been adopted, and what may appear to some to be a kind of sing-song style of versification.

Aware that several similar attempts have been made—though none, it is apprehended,



on so extensive a scale—the authoress felt a diffidence in offering her work to the public, but was encouraged by the liberal offer of the publishers, who agreed to run all risks, on condition that its passage through the press should be superintended by him whose initials are affixed to this Preface.


It is hoped that the volume will, in some respects, supply that want of simple hymns which is admitted to exist by all who are engaged in instructing the younger members of the Church; and that it will be made very useful to the less educated portions of the community, by facilitating the impression of truth on their minds, or by fixing there profitable and holy associations.

W. F. H.

LEEDS.



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## THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the LORD.—

*St. Matt. xxi. 9.*

**W**HEN first our Lord came down on  
earth,  
He did not scorn like us to be ;  
For He was born of mortal birth,  
A simple child of low degree.

Where Syrian waves are bright and clear,  
Where Judah's grapes grow large and red,  
He walked below ; and men drew near  
And heard the holy words He said.

But when the LORD shall come again,  
With angel-hosts encircled round,  
All earth and heaven shall hail Him then,  
With thunder peal and trumpet sound ;

And, some in joy and some in dread,  
The sons of men His eye shall meet ;  
For all the living and the dead  
Must stand before His judgment-seat.

2      *The First Sunday in Advent.*

His voice on earth we did not hear,  
His steps below we could not trace;  
But when His glory shall appear,  
We too shall meet Him face to face.

So we must cast our sins away;  
The Christian robe all white and new  
He gave on our baptismal day,  
We must not stain its snowy hue.

But all the things He used to tell,  
Our hands must do, our lips must learn;  
Like faithful servants working well,  
And waiting our dear LORD's return.

For surely as the leaves and flowers  
In summer time come back again,  
So surely as in sultry hours  
The dark clouds bring the pleasant rain,

Shall He who in His lowly love  
Came down that we might be forgiven,  
Break, glorious, through the clouds above,  
And take His children home to heaven.



## THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

That we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures,  
might have hope.—*Rom. xv. 4.*

**M**ORE precious than the fine, fine gold  
The rich man hoardeth up,  
Far sweeter than the honey drop  
Hid in the lily's cup,  
Are words writ down in God's own Book,  
And poured into the ear  
Of them who read His Word aright,  
Or reverently hear.

O Christian children ! good wise men  
Who lived long years ago,  
What had they given to learn at last  
The things ye read and know—  
The strains that fill your infant ears  
Free as life's common air,  
Sweet words of hope and joy and trust,  
Around you whispered fair !

Abroad in God's own holy house,  
Within your cottage homes,  
Wherever man has need of aid,  
Or want of sorrow comes,  
They bring the rule of all your joys,  
The salve for all your sorrow,

4      *The Second Sunday in Advent.*


A stream where you may taste to-day,  
And drink more deep to-morrow.

Remember, then, of them is asked  
Much, to whom much is given,  
Nor read in vain the blessed Book  
That tells of CHRIST and heaven ;  
Nor, careless, the free gift abuse,  
Since love from knowledge springs,  
And reverent use keeps holy still  
The most familiar things.

And never turn that holy page  
Without a holy thought,  
And daily strive in word and deed  
To do what it has taught ;  
So shall your feet in patience tread  
The paths of care and strife,  
Strong in the blessed hope it brings  
Of everlasting life.

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of CHRIST,  
and stewards of the mysteries of GOD.—1 *Cor.* iv. 1.

\*  HE shepherd on the green hill side  
Sits watching all the day,  
To guide his sheep to pastures meet,  
To turn them when they stray.

The pastor looks with anxious care  
On us, whom God has given  
Into his charge, to guide our feet  
And train our souls for heaven.

He walks amid our lowly homes,  
And kindly is his smile,  
And deep and stern his solemn voice  
Comes down the church's aisle.

He kneels beside the poor man's bed  
Ere life's last throbbing cease,  
And prompts the prayer of penitence,  
And pours the words of peace.

He teaches us God's holy will,  
When we, in order due,  
Stand round and gather at his lips  
What we should think and do.

For he is CHRIST's own minister,  
Of Him sent forth, to show  
The wonders of His love to us  
Here in the Church below.

Then meekly must we hear the Word,  
And duteously obey;  
The shepherd grieves if only one  
Of all his flock should stray.

And sure the little lambs should love  
To frolic round the hand

6      *The Third Sunday in Advent.*

That leads them to the flowery meads  
Of that far greener land,

Where each true pastor, safe at last,  
His little band shall bring  
To the Great Shepherd of all souls,  
Their own redeeming King.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—  
*Phil. iv. 6.*



WHEN first the golden sun returning,  
Through breaking clouds brings glorious day,

When thought is fresh and strength unwearied,  
Rise, Christian child, kneel down and pray.

When fall the sunset hues of even  
On folding flower and dewy sod,  
When purple gleams are on the mountain,  
Kneel, child, again, and pray to God.

Hast thou not need of strength to fit thee  
All day to strive in Christian fight?  
Hast thou not need of love to shield thee  
From danger all the gloomy night?

*The Fourth Sunday in Advent.*      7

Thy father's hand may fail to help thee,  
Nor even thy mother soothe thy care,—  
There is an Arm that never wearies,  
An Ear that heareth every prayer.

The poor man in his straw-roofed cottage,  
The rich man in his lordly hall,  
The old man's voice, the child's first whisper,  
He listens, and He answers all.

Yea, more than our poor hearts may venture  
To dream or ask, His love shall give,  
For the dear sake of Him most precious,  
In whom this better life we live ;

This life wherein, from wrath delivered,  
And in CHRIST's Name to God brought near,  
We pour to our forgiving Father  
The prayers His mercy loves to hear.





## CHRISTMAS DAY.

Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour,  
which is CHRIST THE LORD.—*St. Luke. ii. 11.*



**C**HILDREN, rise! through all the east  
Dawns our happy Christmas feast;  
Praise the new-born Prince of glory,  
Angel harps have rung before ye:

They last night, in joyous tone,  
To the shepherds watching lone,  
While their dazzled eyes grew dim,  
Poured the SAVIOUR's birthday hymn.

Come to hail your infant King!  
All good men are worshipping,  
Where within the church are seen  
Brightest wreaths of evergreen;  
And the berries red that grow,  
Smiling through the winter's snow,  
Like the Child who looks so bright  
On a world of sin and night.

With glad hearts and cheerful faces  
Come to your accustomed places;  
Year by year and day by day,  
Here we praise Him, here we pray;

Here we read His wondrous story,  
Singing to our LORD in glory,  
Who came down on earth to be  
Once a poor weak child like ye.

From the holy heavenly place  
Where He saw His FATHER's face,  
Where bright bands of angels wait,—  
To the poor man's mean estate,  
Lowly, desolate, opprest ;  
To a maiden mother's breast ;  
To the smiles soon lost in tears,  
And the pains of infant years.

By His lowly gracious birth,  
God's own Son on this poor earth,  
From your birthright here below,  
Sin, and death, and shame, and woe,  
Ye are freed ; and, born anew,  
Ye must live as Christians do,  
Praying Him, to whom were known  
Childhood's griefs, to help His own.

Haste ye to our birthday feast ;  
Not the meanest, not the least,  
High, or low, should turn away ;  
CHRIST our King was born to-day.



## ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

And when he had said this, he fell asleep.—*Acts vii. 60.*

**H**AVE you not seen the lily ride,  
 When winds were loud and waves were  
 high,  
 Serenely o'er the troubled tide,  
 Spreading her white breast to the sky?

So, calm amid the raging throng  
Of evil men athirst for blood,  
In faith serene, in comfort strong,  
CHRIST's earliest martyr Stephen stood.

His cheek, no fear has turned it white ;  
His parted lips no groans have riven ;  
His face is as an angel's bright ;  
His lifted eyes are turned to heaven.

What sees he there? Oh! faithful fount;  
CHRIST to His dying saint draws nigh,  
Heaven's glorious rays stream all around;  
He sees the FATHER throned on high,

And JESUS standing by His throne;—  
Close presses on the raging crowd;  
Falls thick and fast the murderous stone;  
The martyr's knee to earth is bowed.

" LORD, lay not to their charge," he prays,  
" This sin ! O CHRIST, my spirit keep !"  
Take up your clothes and go your ways,  
Ye men of pride ; he lies asleep.

So Stephen died ; nor Christian eye  
Should read the tale so sadly dear,  
And careless cast the story by ;  
A great example have we here.


Though not for us the stone be flung,  
Nor murderer's hand be lifted up,  
It teacheth all, both old and young,  
How best to drink our Master's cup.

For trials here to all are given ;  
LORD, make us, then, like Thy dear saint,  
To look through all to Thee and heaven,  
Nor let our weary spirits faint.

And give us love as full and free,  
Forgiving all who do us spite ;  
And let us sleep like him in Thee,  
And be our waking hour as bright.

## ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom JESUS loved following; which also leaned on His breast at supper.—*St. John* xxi. 20.

 HERE lies a little lonely isle  
Where dark the salt waves run,  
And Grecian fishers dry their nets  
Against the eastern sun ;

And, many a hundred years ago,  
Within that island fair  
There dwelt an exiled Jewish man,  
A man of reverend air ;

His eye was bright as setting suns,  
His aged form unbent ;  
The little children following,  
He blest them as he went.

That head beloved, at supper-time,  
Had leant on JESUS' breast ;  
That honoured hand had taken home  
His Mother for a guest ;

That eye had seen in glorious trance  
Mysterious things to be,  
Wild visions of impending doom  
On heaven and earth and sea ;

His pen had writ of times to come,  
Of dearer times bygone ;  
He was the fisher's chosen son,  
The LORD's beloved Saint John ;

And he had drunk his Master's cup  
So long, so patiently,  
And now he lingered there, the last,  
Till CHRIST should set him free.

I wish I'd lived in those old times,  
And been a Grecian child,  
To hear that old man's blessing kind,  
To meet him when he smiled.

To learn the words of holy love  
That ever from his lips  
Fell gentle, as the evening dew  
The thirsty blossom sips.

But love endureth through all age ;  
Nor time, nor distance drear,  
Divide the living and the dead  
Of CHRIST's communion dear.

For all His saints in Him are one ;  
The exile o'er the sea,  
The child within his English home,  
The struggling and the free.


The good Saint John hath rest at last ;  
He wears the promised crown ;  
And still, by the dear Church he watched,  
His words are handed down.

14     *St. John the Evangelist's Day.*

And we shall meet him, not as once  
On that far island shore,  
But where apostles, martyrs, saints,  
Have peace for evermore.

INNOCENTS' DAY.

These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto GOD and to the LAMB.—*Rev. xiv. 4.*

 HERE was a voice of bitter woe  
Through David's ancient city,  
When Rachel for her children sued  
To them that knew not pity ;

When all her mothers o'er their babes  
Wept loud in hopeless sorrow,  
Pressing the lips that smiled in death,  
But shall not smile to-morrow.

There is a voice in heaven's high courts  
Of joy and triumph singing,  
A hundred thousand harps, and more,  
That strain are ever ringing ;

And fair young angels all in white  
Around the throne are gliding,  
For ever in the glorious light  
Of CHRIST their LORD abiding.

These are the first-fruits of the LAMB,  
The undefiled and holy,  
Who died for Him, when Herod's sword  
Had slain the Child so lowly.

O blessed babes, who won so soon  
The martyr's crown all glorious,  
Washed ere the world had cast a stain,  
And ere the strife victorious.


Ye glorified the LORD in death,  
Your young lives freely giving;  
We, too, your brethren here on earth,  
May glorify Him living.

Still yearly on our infant ears  
Fall echoes of your story,  
We think upon your robes washed white,  
And on your palms of glory.

We praise His name who still ordains  
Young children to adore Him,  
And pray that we may ever walk  
In love and truth before Him.

## SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

And thou shalt call His Name JESUS, for He shall save  
His people from their sins.—*St. Matt. i. 21.*

OW brightly falls the morning ray  
Along the dewy sod,  
As though it came to light our day  
Fresh from the throne of God.

How sweetly do the wild birds sing  
From out their dewy bowers ;  
How pleasant are the scents that spring  
From all earth's opening flowers !

God loves to see the flowers rejoice,  
He loves the wild bird's hymn,  
And yet their worship has no voice,  
Their sweetest strains are dim.

But children's lips sweet strains may learn,  
Of love and meaning too ;  
And children's eyes to God may turn,  
Like flowers through morning dew.

God loves the voices low and clear,  
The early offered prayer ;  
In truth He is a Father dear,  
And hath a Father's care.




There was a Child, whose mortal birth,  
Like morning's rosy light,  
Broke glorious o'er our darkened earth ;  
No flower so sweet and bright.

And for that holy CHILD's dear love,  
And through His precious blood,  
Are children's voices heard above,  
And children's hearts made good.

### THE CIRCUMCISION.

And when eight days were accomplished for the circum-  
cising of the Child, His Name was called JESUS.—*Luke*  
ii. 21.

N many a small and common thing  
That meets us every day  
Has God writ down the solemn word,  
Learn, Christian, to obey.

Early must little children learn,  
With hearts yet soft and shy,  
Meekly to do another's will,  
Nor ask the reason why.

Teachers, and friends, and parents dear,  
And pastors, these are they  
Of whom to little children God  
Says, "Hear them, and obey."

And men and wives in after years,  
Even to life's latest hour,  
Must bow the neck and bend the head  
To some superior power.

Even He, the God once born on earth,  
Whom angels wondering saw,  
He bowed of old His infant head  
Obedient to the law.

Lord, take away the stubborn thought,  
The proud rebellious heart;  
In meek obedience ever lies  
The Christian's proper part ;

That, like Thine own obedient Son,  
Subduing our own will,  
Thy little lambs to all Thy laws  
May prove obedient still.





## THE EPIPHANY.

They presented unto Him gifts ; gold, frankincense, and myrrh.— *St. Matt. ii. 11.*

**W**HO are they, travelling from afar,  
With jewelled gift and incense fine ?  
No merchants homeward bound they  
are,  
No sons of Jacob's chosen line.

For now the sun that rose so bright  
For all the earth, has dawned in heaven,  
Far lands have felt the breaking light,  
The temple's veil will soon be riven ;

And mercy, like a gentle star,  
Looks down from heaven, and leads them on  
From eastern scenes of pomp and war  
To worship at a cradle throne.

The wandering star has ceased to roam ;  
Calm falls her radiance, pure and mild,  
On yonder Jewish peasant's home,  
On yonder low-born Jewish child.

Laid on a virgin mother's knee,  
No waiting guards, no pomp around,  
The wise men joy exceedingly,  
The MONARCH whom they sought is found.

They kneel before their Infant KING,  
And all their treasured gifts unfold,  
In costly homage offering  
The myrrh, the incense, and the gold.

And meet it was all earth should send  
A tribute of her costliest things ;  
And meet it was her kings should bend  
In homage to the KING OF KINGS.

Praise to His mercy ! We had been,  
The good *great* GOD to us unknown,  
Poor heathen children, in our sin  
Bowed down to gods of wood and stone.

But CHRIST received the Gentiles' vow ;  
The distant isles no more are dim,  
And all are Abraham's children now  
Who hold like precious faith with him.


Great kings for CHRIST great things have done ;  
He bade them nurse His Church below ;  
And brighter crowns their brows have won,  
At His dear cross adoring low.

But not the gift the poor man bears,  
Nor lowliest child, will He despise :  
Submissive hearts and contrite prayers  
Are His most holy sacrifice.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE  
EPIPHANY.

After three days, they found Him in the temple.

*St. Luke ii. 64.*

TILL duly as the church-bells ring  
O'er wooded hill and valley green,  
To God's own holy house we bring  
Glad hearts and reverent mien.

In smiling order, two by two,  
All up the village-street we tread,  
And underneath the churchyard yew  
Above the Christian dead,

And through the porch's open door,  
And slowly up the solemn aisle,  
Each sitting where he sat before  
In long and ordered file ;

Like young flowers set in fragrant row  
Within some garden cultured fair,  
Or flocks of wild birds winging slow  
And silent through the air.

Even He, the glorious LORD of all,  
Came, in His holy childhood dear,  
And sat within God's temple wall,  
To question, and to hear.

22     *First Sunday after the Epiphany.*

Still sweetly falls the solemn word,  
That teaches what we ought to do,  
Still deep and high the prayers are poured ;  
We ask, and listen too.

And He who stayed an humble child,  
Long lingering in the house of God,  
When sire, and kin, and mother mild,  
Unconscious, homeward trod,

He loves, when little voices sweet,  
The organ's sacred notes prolong,  
Join when His elder saints repeat,  
And swell His angels' song.

He called us to this blessed state,  
Young members of His Church below ;  
Then let us throng His temple gate,  
And let our praises freely flow.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE  
EPIPHANY.

And both JESUS was called, and His disciples, to the  
marriage.—*St. John ii. 2.*



OME to our joyous marriage-feast ;  
The bride has decked her hair,  
The board is full, the wine is red,  
Come forth our mirth to share.

Thus merrily through Cana's town  
Had the glad summons poured ;  
But had not told what honoured Guest  
Should grace that festal board ;

Even He, the GOD, for us made man ;  
His lowly mother near,  
Who sat, and smiled upon the rite,  
And blessed the bridal cheer.

Why do the servants pause in doubt ?  
The voice of mirth is stayed ;  
" My Son, they have no wine to drink,"  
Softly the mother said.

O loving LORD, and *good* to all !  
He marked the lowly need ;  
Yet gently chid the eager voice  
That urged His gracious deed.

" Fill to the brim the water-pots."  
And they obey His sign ;  
They draw, they bear ; the clear pure wave  
Is turned to rosy wine.

No more when Cana's brides are wed  
CHRIST comes the feast to share ;  
But Christian hands may spread the board,  
And He will still be there,

To hallow still our festive hours,  
If chastened be our mirth ;

24    *Second Sunday after the Epiphany.*


Such as we had not feared if He  
Had looked on when on earth.

O Thou, to whom all might and power  
In this wide earth belong !  
Changing her natural elements,  
And making weak things strong—

Change Thou Thy children's sinful hearts,  
Bless thou their weak design ;  
For man may fill the water-pot,  
God makes the water wine.

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE  
EPIPHANY.

LORD, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under  
my roof.—*St. Matt.* viii. 8.

 HE flower that in the lowly vale,  
Beside the old grey stone,  
Hides underneath her dark green leaves,  
And blooms there all alone ;

Her scented breath is just as sweet,  
Her silken leaf as blue,  
As though, within the garden ground,  
Admired and prized she grew.



*Third Sunday after the Epiphany.*      25

The lowly hearts, the humble minds,  
That shrink from human praise,  
That wear away in unknown deeds  
The measure of their days,

That know themselves unworthy all,  
Their hearts how prone to ill,  
Unmeet that CHRIST therein should dwell ;  
He knows and loves them still.

As when the lordly Roman prayed,  
“ I am not worthy, LORD ;”  
He smiled upon his trembling faith,  
And heard his humble word.


He said that little children were  
Types of humility ;  
How humble, then, and meek of heart,  
His children ought to be !

No swelling pride, no thirst of praise,  
Their little hearts should move ;  
But humble prayers, in meekness poured,  
And deeds of lowly love :

Meek as the flower that grows unmarked  
Where man has never trod,  
Where only angels watch her bloom  
Beneath the eye of God.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE  
EPIPHANY.

And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.—*St. Mark* iv. 39.

 HE stormy wind has stirred the water,  
Washing the shores of Galilee;  
The little vessel labours slowly,  
Slowly over the heavy sea.

Angrier still the breaking billows  
Fling their foam to the darkened sky;  
Over the winds and waters roaring,  
Comes the mariner's helpless cry.

One there is in that little vessel,  
Slumb'ring over the troubled deep,  
As if the loud wind only lulled Him,  
The wave but rocked His quiet sleep.

Over the winds and waters breaking  
Comes the mariner's fearful call  
To the ears of that *holy* Sleeper,  
"Save us, LORD, or we perish all!"

O fearful men, and faithless hearted!  
Wherefore tremble when He is near?  
He hath risen and chidden the tempest,  
And the winds and the waters hear.

*Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.* 27

He hath spoken ; the waves lie quiet,  
As still as a motionless pool ;  
The winds are o'er them faintly sighing,  
Like the breezes of evening cool.

Is not CHRIST with His people ever  
When the storms of sorrow and sin  
Break round us in this world of evil,  
And our spirits grow faint within ?


Oh, yes, we must not think, in trouble,  
That our Master lieth asleep ;  
For He guideth His chosen children  
Safely over the stormy deep.

When, like a tempest, strong temptations  
Compass us round with doubt and fear,  
Faith shall come to the weary struggler,  
Whispering sweetly, CHRIST is near.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER THE  
EPIPHANY.

Let both grow together until the harvest.

*St. Matt. xiii. 30.*

 HE waving fields of yellow corn  
Grow ripe beneath the Autumn moon ;  
We know the reaper's ready hand  
Will cut the golden harvest soon.

28     *Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.*

And there are many bright green weeds,  
    With spreading flowers of gaudy hue,  
That grow together with the grain ;  
    The reaper's hand shall cut them too.

Thus, even in CHRIST's own Church, we see  
    The bad are mingled with the good,  
And men forsake their early vows,  
    And do not live as Christians should ;

Yet the same sun is bright for all,  
    Earth's common gifts for all are poured ;  
And so we deem that GOD forgets  
    The promise of His awful word.

But there shall come a harvest-time,  
    When GOD's own bands of Angels bright  
Shall bind the golden sheaves for Heaven,  
    And fling the weeds to endless night.

Then not, O LORD, bad fruitless weeds,  
    Then not to fire eternal cast,  
But bearing rich the fruits of life  
    Be all Thy children found at last !

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER THE  
EPIPHANY.

And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure.—1 *St. John*. iii. 3.

**W**E see the leaves fall withered from the trees,  
And, year by year, the sweet flowers  
fade away,

They wither in the sharp autumnal breeze ;—  
Has man no higher, holier, hope than they ?

Frail as the gentle flower we see him die,  
The bright eye closes, and the failing breath  
Heaves not the lip with its accustomed sigh ;—  
Hath he no hope, no comfort in his death ?

Oh, yes, the fair leaves falling where we tread  
Shall clothe the waving forest-trees no more ;  
But man shall rise immortal, from the dead,  
Passing through death as through an open door ;

An open door, through which faint glimpses come  
Of the bright joys that blessed spirits find ;  
For Holy Scripture says, our heavenly home  
Is fairer far than all we leave behind.

If, then, the Christian's hope so glorious be,  
Should not the Christian purify his heart

30     *Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.*

To fit him for that angel company

Wherewith he hopes hereafter to have part ?

And more than Angels holy, pure, and high,

There's One who left for us those realms of bliss,

Who won our places in that glorious sky,

And said our hearts must be made pure like His.

And in that Heaven His children hold of Him,


Himself shall to His faithful Saints be near :

Then let not our high hope grow faint and dim,

But let us follow in His footsteps here.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

So run, that ye may obtain.—1 Cor. ix. 24.

 TILL brightly falls the southern sun  
On many a lone and silent shore,  
Where in the pride of her first days  
Greece held her games of yore,  
When all her sons with bounding hearts  
Thronged gaily to the festal place,  
And eager champions met in strife,  
Or ran the weary race.

Long trained, long nurtured, disciplined

By toil severe, and fast, and pain,

They deemed all labour light, to stand

First of that chosen train ;

And when the dangerous strife was o'er,  
And when the weary race was run,  
One little crown of bright green leaves  
Was all the conqueror won.


Fair Greece, round thy forsaken shrines,  
No more thy smiling daughters sing  
Their victor hymns, who bravely strove  
Within thy glorious ring.  
But Christians have a race to run,  
A sterner, harder strife to win ;  
Their race is for a heavenly crown,  
Their struggle is with sin.

Shall they not toil, and fast, and pray,  
And be as firm of heart as these  
Poor heathen men, who toiled of old,  
Denying idle ease ?  
The parsley-leaf grows near the ground,  
Those Grecian victors thought so fair ;  
But angel hands shall twine the crown  
That Christian conquerors wear.

Then let us up, and bravely strive,  
Nor of the heathen scorn to learn  
How best with toil, and pain, and care,  
Our glorious prize to earn.  
The crown we seek is not like theirs,  
A fading wreath that none may share ;  
Imperishable are its leaves,  
And all may win and wear.

## SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

The seed is the Word of GOD.—*St. Luke* viii. 2.

HEN all the solemn Church within  
Is hushed for morning prayer,  
How many different hearts and ears  
Assembled, listen there !

The Pastor speaks the word of GOD,  
He speaketh it to all ;  
Like sower good, whose precious seed  
In many a place doth fall.

Some hear it with a soul so light,  
So careless, and so vain,  
The evil one soon takes away  
The good they seemed to gain.

Some have such faithless hearts, and cold,  
So little love they feel,  
A taunt, a sneer, a passing pain,  
Can wither all their zeal.

And some with worldly care, or joy,  
With riches, pleasure, need,  
Have so filled up their poor low thought,  
They choke the precious seed.



And is it thus CHRIST's children dear,  
Born in His Church anew,  
Should listen to His Holy Word,  
And nothing feel or do ?


Oh, no, there was some fertile ground  
Whereon the good seed fell,  
And brought forth fair fruits manifold,  
And grew, and flourished well.

Thus ever may Thy children hear  
When Thy dread words are poured ;  
Thus fitly fall they on their ear,  
And in their hearts be stored ;

And bring forth fruits of holy deeds,  
Of gentle duteous love,  
The precious fruits that Angels reap  
At last for heaven above.

### QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Charity never faileth.—1 *Cor.* xiii. 8.

 HE angels that in unity  
Sing round God's throne above,  
How must their spirits grieved be,  
If earthly broils perchance they see,  
Brother with brother disagree,  
No gentleness, no love !

The angry word given back again  
    With word of fiercer wrath,  
The smile that mocks a brother's pain,  
The selfish care, the proud disdain,  
The envious thought that seeks to gain  
    More than another hath.

Oh, how unmeet for such as we  
    Are loud contentions, wrath, and spite,  
Who hope to dwell eternally  
With never failing Charity,  
Where Hope shall be reality,  
    And Faith be lost in sight !

One Man there was, who could fulfil  
    Love's perfect law from earliest youth,  
The kind of heart, the meek of will,  
Enduring, bearing, suffering still,  
Rejoicing not in others' ill,  
    But joying in the truth.

Then let us love, and watch, and pray  
    That like to His be every heart ;  
Still looking for the glorious day  
Of love's immortal, boundless sway,  
Which dimly now and far away  
    We only see in part.



## ASH-WEDNESDAY.

Turn ye even to Me, saith the LORD.—*Joel ii. 12.*

**S**WEET is the morning's rosy prime,  
And bright the golden hours of noon,  
But there must come a twilight time,  
A time that hath nor sun nor moon.

Good gifts to us our GOD has given ;  
With bounding heart and lifted eye  
Man walks beneath a smiling heaven,  
And praises loud the LORD on high.

But there are times when he must go  
And kneel within his room alone,  
And tell, in penitence and woe,  
The evil deeds that he hath done.

For wrong will oftentimes conquer right ;  
Our holiest deeds are stained with sin ;  
Like flowers that bloom all fair and bright,  
But have a canker-worm within.

And there are times when church-bells call  
To bitter penitential thought,


And bid whole nations prostrate fall,  
Lamenting what their sins have wrought.

We, from our primal state of sin,  
By CHRIST's own cleansing blood set free,  
We have not always loved, nor been  
As holy as we ought to be.

To all of us GOD speaketh now,—  
Rise, Christian children, come away,  
Repent your early broken vow ;  
Come, mourn for all your sins to-day.

#### THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights, He  
was afterwards an hungred.—*St. Matt.* iv. 2.

T is a time for prayer and penitence,  
When men stand still, and think upon  
their sin,  
And ask of GOD, with tears and abstinence,  
To wash away the stain that lies within.

Mindful of Him, who in the wilderness,  
Long forty days in fast and sorrow spent,  
Dwelling alone in peril and distress,  
Showing how sin demandeth punishment.

And even young children, fresh as is the flower  
Just opening in the early morning dew,  
O'er their unfolding hearts hath sin had power,  
And they have need to ask forgiveness too.


They have not kept the vows their sureties said,  
Proud, angry words upon their lips have dwelt;  
They have not followed where their Captain led,  
Bad thoughts and wrong desires their hearts  
have felt.

Therefore these days of Lent are set apart,  
That we may think on sins that we have done,  
And, telling them to GOD with contrite heart,  
Ask pardon in the Name of His dear Son.

## THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

—not—even as the Gentiles which know not God.

1 *Thess.* iv. 5.

 ANY a sunny island  
Lies o'er the wide salt sea,  
With fertile vale and highland,  
And golden-fruited tree,

Where the poor heathen gathers  
His dark-browed children dear,  
To worship with their fathers  
The gods that cannot hear.

38      *The Second Sunday in Lent.*

No peaceful church-bells ringing  
Have ever lingered there,  
No voice of choral singing  
Has filled that fragrant air ;

But words of strife and anger  
Fall on their infant ears,  
And deeds of sin and danger  
Shall mark their future years.

Above your English dwelling  
Rises the old church-tower ;  
Ye hear the sweet bells swelling  
At morn and evening hour ;

Ye know of One, so lowly,  
Who for your sakes came down ;  
Who told you to be holy,  
And won for you a crown.

If ye, thus blest and gifted,  
Forego your happy state,  
If your young hearts be lifted  
With pride, and wrath, and hate,


In wilful darkness staying ;  
Far worse are ye than they,  
Those heathen children, straying  
In the islands far away.

From this world's sin and dangers,  
LORD, keep Thine own lambs fast ;  
And the poor heathen strangers,  
Oh, bring them home at last !

## THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished.

*St. Luke. xi. 25.*

 HE birds and bees that, to and fro,  
Through the sweet air in summer go,  
Are busy all and each ;  
By waving tree and shady nook  
Fair Nature spreads her open book :  
Come forth and gather, as ye look,  
The truths she loves to teach.

The wild bees through the forest fly ;  
With busy hum and laden thigh  
They visit all the flowers :  
The little birds that soar and sing,  
They labour with unwearied wing,  
Making their curious nests in spring ;  
They have no idle hours.

All good, all active, nought in vain,  
Her beasts and birds and insect train  
Toil out their little day ;  
Wherever the hot sunbeam darts,  
There's busy life in all her parts ;—  
Are children's hands and children's hearts  
More useless things than they ?

We know, when once the evil one  
 From out one idle man had gone,  
     He came again to see ;  
 No busy guard the chamber kept ;  
 He found it empty, garnished, swept ;  
 Again into that heart he crept  
     With seven worse than he.

For idle hands are fittest still  
 For deeds of mischief and of ill,  
     And time flies fast away ;  
 Ye must not waste its precious store,  
 Who in your early childhood swore  
 To work CHRIST's will for evermore  
     Until His Judgment-day.

A heavy woe was doomed for him  
 Who left his talent mouldering dim  
     In rust and idleness :  
 Ye have your precious talents too ;  
 Then boldly rise, and bravely do,  
 Be patient, diligent, and true,  
     And CHRIST your work shall bless.



## THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Moreover Joseph kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them.—*Gen.* xlv. 15.

**I**F hasty hand or bitter tongue  
Have ever done you causeless wrong  
By evil deed or word,  
Have no bad thought your heart within ;  
For malice is a deadly sin,  
And hateful to the LORD.

Be yours such thoughts as Joseph felt  
When all his haughty brethren knelt,  
As visioned dreams foretold,  
And found, in that Egyptian Lord,  
The brother whom their hearts abhorred,  
The slave whom they had sold ;

Then not a tear, but such as pour  
When hearts with love and joy run o'er,  
Then not an angry word he gave ;  
But said, " My brothers, weep no more,  
'Twas GOD who sent me on before  
Your dearer lives to save."

A twofold power Forgiveness hath ;  
She softens hearts, she tempers wrath,  
And she is ever strong  
To call a blessing down from heaven.  
CHRIST said, " If ye would be forgiven,  
Forgive your brother's wrong."

## THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

Abraham is dead, and the Prophets; and Thou sayest, If  
a man keep My saying, he shall never taste of death.—  
*St. John viii. 52.*

**N**O longer dwells on Mamre's plain  
The faithful father loved of God,  
Nor sees the setting sunbeam stain  
With purple hues Moriah's sod;

From Horeb's height, from Carmel's hill,  
The Prophets of the LORD are fled;  
By Jordan's wave and Cherith's rill  
Their voice is silent; are they dead?

Does Moses lie 'mid Moab's stones?  
Does old Machpelah's cavern lone  
Hold yet the patriarch's mouldering bones?  
And whither is Elijah gone?


We cannot answer; earth with earth  
Long since has mingled in decay;  
But they, who knew a second birth,  
We know they live, shall live for aye.

The dust that lies beneath our tread  
Shall stir again the valley's clod;  
And now CHRIST's ransomed are not dead,  
They live to us, they live to God.

He triumphed o'er all-conquering death,  
Who was, ere Abraham, throned on high ;  
And though we yield this mortal breath,  
Who keep His words shall never die.

THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

And many spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed them in the way.—*St. Mark xi. 8.*

OME, strew your garments in the way,  
Your wreaths of palm triumphant bring ;  
Fling wide thy gate, Jerusalem,  
And welcome loud thy lowly King ;  
He comes, whom Prophets sang of old,  
Meek riding, as their lays foretold.

But palms are for the conqueror,  
In triumph's hour to deck his brow ;  
He comes to shame, He comes to death,  
For whom ye strew those branches now ;  
He comes to bear the Hebrew's scorn,  
The Gentile's scourge, and nail, and thorn.

Yet bring the palm ; for, by that pain,  
A deed most glorious shall be done ;  
And when that willing victim bleeds,  
A world's redemption shall be won ;  
Tear off the robe and fling the leaf :  
Meet homage to your conquering Chief.

44    *The Sunday next before Easter.*

Perchance, amid those lips that pour  
Hosannas pealing to the sky,  
Some soon shall join the maddening shout  
That said to Pilate, " Let Him die ;"  
    Shall imprecate the judgment dread,  
    " On us His Blood be visited."

And there are Christian hearts like these,  
Who often in CHRIST's temple meet,  
And sing His praise in awful strain,  
And cast their offerings at His feet ;  
    Yet neither faith nor duty bring,  
    And will not have Him for their King.

LORD, when Thy little children come  
To worship at Thy glorious throne,  
To praise their own victorious King,  
Oh ! let their thoughts and words be one ;  
    And make them live in faith and love,  
    And bear hereafter palms above.



### GOOD FRIDAY.

And He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.

*St. John xix. 30.*

**H**OW would your little hearts be pained,  
What grief would fill your eye,  
If father loved, or mother kind,  
Or brother dear, should die!

And, when their spirits passed away,  
If cruel pains they bore,  
And died in lingering agony,  
Would you not weep them more?

To-day died One, who loved you more  
Than even the fondest breast  
That ever soothed your infant cares,  
Or cradled you to rest.

And, oh! as He hung lingering through  
Those hours so slow and long,  
Your thoughts have never pictured pain  
So fierce, and deep, and strong.

'Tis meet repentant prayers should rise,  
'Tis meet our tears should flow  
For sins that cost such precious price,  
That brought such bitter woe.

But not, like others', without hope,  
The Christian's saddest grief;  
For faith looks smiling through his tears,  
And points the sure relief;

She tells how joy, and triumph high,  
And sure salvation came,  
Even by that bitter agony,  
And in that death of shame;

She tells how death was conquered then,  
How sin no more has power  
O'er them, redeemed and cleansed by Him  
Who died in that dread hour.

And therefore, mindful of the joys  
Won by that outpoured blood,  
Still have we hope in penitence,  
Still call we this day good.

## EASTER EVEN.

And laid it in his own new tomb.—*St. Matt. xxvii. 60.*

**P**AIN and toil are over now ;  
 Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,  
 Fold the limb and bind the brow,  
 In the rich man's sepulchre ;  
 Far within the garden gloom  
 Leave Him in His new-made tomb.

Sin has bruised the Victor's heel ;  
 Roll the stone and guard it well,  
 Bring the Roman's dreaded seal,  
 Bring the stanchest sentinel ;  
 Death and Hell shall hold their prey  
 Only till to-morrow's ray.

Doubt ye that corruption cold  
 Hath not power to chain her God ;  
 That the chill grave cannot hold  
 Him beneath its silent sod ;  
 That, with heavy measured tread,  
 Thus ye watch the buried dead ?

Yea, with morning's purple ray,  
 Baffled warriors, in your sight  
 Shall the stone be rolled away :  
 And bright Angels, robed in white,

Sit in Joseph's burial cave,  
In the SAVIOUR's three days' grave.

We, till lights the Easter Heaven,  
With a holier purpose come,  
Watching all the solemn even  
By our SAVIOUR's lowly tomb,  
Thinking we were buried too,  
We must live with Him anew.

In the fresh Baptismal tide  
In our early childhood dim,  
When our evil nature died,  
We were buried deep with Him ;  
We must live like men new born,  
Waiting for a brighter morn.







## EASTER-DAY.

CHRIST, being risen from the dead, dieth no more.

*Rom. vi. 9.*

**H**E is risen, He is risen,  
Tell it with a joyful voice,  
He has burst His three days' prison,  
Let the whole wide earth rejoice ;  
Death is conquered, man is free,  
CHRIST has won the victory.

Tell it to the sinners, weeping  
Over deeds in darkness done,  
Weary fast and vigil keeping,  
Brightly breaks their Easter sun ;  
Blood can wash all sins away,  
CHRIST has conquered hell to-day.

Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,  
With glad smile and radiant brow ;  
Lent's long shadows have departed,  
All His woes are over now,  
And the Passion that He bore ;  
Sin and pain can vex no more.

Come, with high and holy hymning  
Chant our LORD's triumphant lay;  
Not one darksome cloud is dimming  
Yonder glorious morning ray  
Breaking o'er the purple East;  
Brighter far our Easter feast.

He is risen, He is risen,  
He has oped the eternal gate;  
We are free from sin's dark prison,  
Risen to a holier state,  
And a brighter Easter beam  
On our longing eyes shall stream.

#### THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even  
our faith.—1 *John* v. 4.



WAR'S crimson banner floats in air,  
The steed impatient paws the ground,  
Bright lance and plume are flashing fair,  
And echoes far the trumpet sound;

A thousand warriors hear the call,  
They couch the lance, they grasp the shield,  
In measured pace together all  
They hasten to the glorious field.

*The First Sunday after Easter.* 51

We, too, are many, hastening on  
Beneath one banner beaming bright ;  
The Captain of our host is gone  
Before His soldiers to the fight ;

We bear His sign upon our brow,  
We hold His armour in our hand,  
Bound, by our earliest uttered vow,  
True soldiers of His chosen band.

Our foes are round us every day ;  
The world with her deceitful smiles,  
Our bad hearts leading us astray,  
And Satan, with his thousand wiles.

But He, who stemmed them all of yore,  
Who conquered sin, and death, and hell,  
He holds the victor's crown before,  
And bids His warriors fight as well ;

He bids us watch our hearts within,  
When passion rises, wrath, and pride ;  
And fight against the thought of sin,  
And put the evil wish aside.


Earth marshals forth her warlike powers  
With clash of arms and trumpet's tone ;  
A stiller, holier strife is ours,  
Where prayer and praise are heard alone.

But Angels watch the holy throng,  
CHRIST's red-cross banner waves on high,  
And heavenly crown and Seraph's song  
Reward the Christian's victory.

## THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Balaam saw that it pleased the LORD to bless Israel.

*Numb. xxiv. 1.*

HE Seer stood by his seven shrines ;  
He looked from Peor's mountain grey ;  
All Israel's tents, like silver lines,  
Beneath him in the valley lay ;

He saw Jeshimon's breeze unfold  
Their twelve broad banners waving free ;  
And Moab's monarch showed his gold,  
And said, " Oh ! Balaam, curse them me."

A mightier impulse fills his breast,  
A deeper power impels his thought,—  
" How can I curse whom God has blest ?  
Or speak but what the LORD has taught ?

Like fertile valleys watered wide,  
Like cedar-trees in fragrant row,  
Like gardens by the river-side,  
Thy goodly tents, O Israel, show.

Thy glorious tide shall still flow on,  
Thy seed by many waves shall lie ;  
When Agag's past, when Edom's gone,  
Thy throne shall be exalted high.

*The Second Sunday after Easter.* 53

From fertile Egypt's dewless plain,  
Through rolling seas GOD made thy path ;  
Thy haughty foes opposed in vain—  
He slew the nations in His wrath.

Like lion, in the wilderness  
That coucheth down, thy strength shall be ;  
And blessed shall be they who bless,  
And cursed he that curseth thee."


So spake of old the prophet sire,  
Moved by that Impulse none can quell,  
When, spite of lust and strong desire,  
He blessed GOD's favoured Israel.

And thus CHRIST's Church is ever blest,  
And thus His power still guards His saints,  
Though oft by cruel scorn opprest,  
Till hearts are sad, and courage faints.

The power that poured, by Pisgah's stone,  
Blessing for curses, good for ill,  
That mighty Power still keeps His own ;  
GOD's chosen sons are blessed still.

## THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from  
fleshly lusts.—1 *Pet.* ii. 11.

 HROUGH many a far and foreign land,  
With weary feet, and garment rent,  
And sandal laced, and staff in hand,  
The home-bound pilgrim went.

He passed by many a garden fair,  
He looked on many a lordly dome,  
But ever whispered, passing there,  
“ I seek my Father’s home.”

He lingered not where thousand charms  
Wooed him from bank and sunny bower ;  
He turned not back when night’s alarms  
Did all around him lour.

Yet gratefully he plucked some flowers  
That blossomed brightly at his feet,  
He knew, to cheer his travel hours,  
That God had made them meet.

And when sharp thorns before him lay,  
And rugged was the narrow road,  
He did not seek another way,  
But bravely onward strode.

*The Third Sunday after Easter.* 55

Children, all Christians here on earth,  
Where'er their weary footsteps roam,  
Whate'er their place, or state, or birth,  
Are pilgrims going home.

The world shall tempt with vain delight,  
Shall try them with contempt and scorn,  
They must not think her flowers too bright,  
Nor tremble at her thorn.

If doing right seem hard and stern,  
They must not shrink and turn away,  
But take their Master's cross, and learn  
To bear it, day by day.

Thus praising God for all things sweet  
And bright, that He on earth has given,  
With watchful prayer their pilgrim feet  
Must hasten on to heaven.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER  
EASTER.

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children.

*Deut. vi. 7.*



H! say not that truth is too solemn and  
deep  
And awful for infancy's hour;  
The sunshine looks down, and the soft dewdrops  
weep  
For the rosebud as well as the flower.

56     *The Fourth Sunday after Easter.*

We may bend, we may train the young sapling at  
will;  
The broad oak, that waves on the wood-covered  
hill,  
Will mock all our efforts and baffle our skill;  
And thus with the young we have power.

While the heart is yet soft, and the dew of his birth  
On the brow of the Christian is bright,  
Ere the strifes of the world, or the follies of earth,  
Efface it, or darken its light,  
We would lead your young hearts to the hopes  
that are sure,  
We would show you the pleasures that ever endure,  
We would point out the paths that are pleasant  
and pure,  
And teach you to tread them aright.

For the hopes that ye hold, and the truths that ye  
learn,  
Ere your foot in the wilderness strays,  
Still fresh in the evening of age shall return  
With a power to chide or to raise;  
As hard-hearted men have been melted to tears,  
Though darkness and crime had hung o'er them  
for years,  
When their own mother's song has come back to  
their ears,  
Recalling their innocent days.



*The Fourth Sunday after Easter.* 57

Your childhood in age should be sweet to recall,  
Like ruins all hoary and grey ;  
Whose ivied recesses still echo the fall  
Of sweet music heard far away ;  
And thus should each childish remembrance be fair,  
Of sweet church-bells ringing, and praises, and  
prayer,  
And deep voices mingling in melody there,  
And young lips repeating their lay.

So, mindful of Him to whom children are dear,  
We bring you to kneel at His shrine ;  
We teach you His words, and we pour on the ear  
Of your childhood things high and divine ;  
That the hope and the faith of your earliest year,  
In the fervour of youth, like a shield, may be near,  
Through the toils of your manhood may strengthen  
and cheer,  
And brighten your age's decline.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.

*James i. 22.*



HERE'S many a tree grows broad and  
green

Within the cultured garden-ground ;  
But when the master looks thereon,  
No precious fruit is found.

58     *The Fifth Sunday after Easter.*

There's many a child who comes to church,  
In prayer and praise who takes his part,  
And yet the holy words he hears  
Have never touched his heart ;

They only fall upon his ear,  
His thoughts are wandering far away ;  
And when he bends the lowly knee,  
'Tis but his lips that pray.

Not thus, not thus, CHRIST's children dear  
Should idly mock His holy word ;  
For they who heed not His commands  
Had better ne'er have heard.

And what avails the moving lip,  
The bended knee His house within,  
If still our hearts be dark and cold,  
If all our thoughts are sin ?

This is not pure religion ; he  
Alone is blessed in his deed,  
In whom good fruits of holiness  
Spring from the precious seed ;

Whose gentle heart, for others moved,  
O'erflows in deeds of pitying love ;  
Whose tender spirit shrinks from sin,  
And seeks the things above.



## ASCENSION-DAY.

He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight.—*Acts i. 9.*

**H**IGH peals to-day the Angels' strain,  
Heaven's azure gates are open wide ;  
The SON of GOD returns again  
In glory to His Father's side,  
Afar from strife, and sin, and pain,  
For ever to abide.

From hamlet lone, from busy town,  
Come, sing your LORD to glory gone ;  
He leaves the cross, He wears the crown,  
He sitteth by His Father's throne,  
There loveth still, and looketh down,  
And pleadeth for His own.


For not the cloud, so darkly bright,  
That veiled Him from th' Apostles' eyes,  
That still shuts out from mortal sight  
His place beyond our bounded skies,  
Can dim, in Christian hearts, the light  
His Presence still supplies.

In many a rite Himself has given ;  
 In Sacrament and prayer, full well  
 We know our LORD, gone back to Heaven,  
 Unseen doth with His people dwell ;  
 And once more shall the clouds be riven,  
 And CHRIST be visible.

Then let us lift our hearts on high,  
 Where CHRIST our LORD is gone before ;  
 In deeds of faith and charity,  
 And hopes that heavenward soar,  
 To our ascended LORD draw nigh,  
 And love Him more and more.

#### THE SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION-DAY.

But in the place which the LORD shall choose,——there  
 thou shalt offer thy burnt-offerings, and there thou shalt  
 do all that I command thee.—*Deut.* xii. 14.

 LOVE our hamlet's lowly church,  
 Its ivied tower and open door ;  
 The suns of hundred years have stained  
 Its rugged roof and turret hoar.

Here duly came our sires of old ;  
 They trod the pavement's echoing stones,  
 They knelt within these holy walls,  
 That shadow now their mouldering bones.

*The Sunday after Ascension-Day.* 61

And hither shall our footsteps turn,  
To lift the heart, to bend the knee,  
With all our Christian brethren round,  
Strong in our holy unity.

Here, in the words our fathers loved,  
The wonted prayers swell clear and sweet ;  
And here CHRIST's chosen shepherds lead  
His faithful flock in pastures meet.

I will not stray, nor turn aside  
To other place for praise and prayer ;  
The very soldiers, rude and stern,  
CHRIST's seamless garment would not tear.

Shall Christian hands be more unkind ?  
Shall they CHRIST's holy Church divide,  
And scorn His chosen ministers,  
And cast His holy rites aside ?

No, I will tread the ancient paths,  
Pray the dear prayers my fathers prayed ;  
Here was I early born anew,  
Here would I have mine ashes laid.

One great united family,  
Part lingering here, part passed above,  
Is CHRIST's true Church ; and one should be  
Her children's voice, their faith, their love.



### WHIT-SUNDAY.

And they were all filled with the HOLY GHOST.— *Acts ii. 4.*

**T**HERE was a little lowly upper room  
Within the walls of proud Jerusalem,  
Where met a few poor men in grief  
and gloom,

Talking of Him who once had walked with them.

There came a sound as of a rushing wind,  
And filled up all the place where they were met,  
And flaming figures of unwonted kind,  
Like tongues of fire, upon each brow were set.

That was the promise of the FATHER, come  
To them who waited, mourning for their LORD;  
And the closed lips, that were so dead and dumb,  
Are loosed at once to speak His precious Word.

Then all the strangers from afar, who came  
From Asian shores, from Europe's fairer strands,  
From Afric's deserts, wondering heard His name  
In the dear language of their native lands.

Not now in form distinct of flaming light  
Comes that great SPIRIT on our earth to dwell,  
But, like the strong wind whispering at night,  
Its mighty impulse is invisible.

Yet, to the lowly and obedient heart,  
In gentleness and might its breath shall come,  
Bidding the Christian choose the better part,  
Stirring with thought of his eternal home.

O LORD ascended ! from Thy glory's throne,  
On Thy baptized children kneeling lowly,  
Look down in mercy ! we were made Thine own ;  
Give our poor hearts Thy SPIRIT strong and  
holy.





### TRINITY SUNDAY.

We worship one GOD in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity.  
*Athanasian Creed.*



ALL coldly round our quiet homes  
We hear the wind in winter blow,  
We see not whence the roamer comes,  
His onward path we do not know.

And when the winter passes by,  
The bright green leaves come back in spring,  
We see not how, we know not why ;—  
There's mystery in every thing.

If, then, the flowers beneath his feet  
Man's feeble ken can scarce descry,  
How vainly would he strive to mete  
The awful things of GOD Most High !

The babe sits on his mother's knee,  
Bends on her lip his eye of blue ;  
And whatsoe'er her tale may be,  
His trusting spirit holds it true.




Thus ever meek, confiding still,  
Men must be children all their days ;  
Nor God will scorn when children thrill  
With solemn lip His mystic lays.

Then let our fathers' honoured creed  
In measured cadence fully pour,  
And hold we fast, in word and deed,  
The faith they kept so clear of yore.

With thrilling heart and bending knee,  
Sing we, with yonder heavenly Host,  
Praise to th' eternal TRINITY,  
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Son, remember that thou, in thy lifetime, receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things. — *Luke* xvi. 25.

 HAME on our false, misjudging hearts !  
Through all the world, whom call we  
blest ?

The rich, the high, the powerful,  
The man of many goods possest.  
With envious thought, with raptured eye,  
We mark the great man's high estate,  
His pomp, his wealth, his lordly train,  
And wish ourselves as splendid fate.

66    *The First Sunday after Trinity.*

We look upon the poor man's needs,  
His pinching cares, his lot obscure,  
And almost wonder God should make  
Unequal thus the rich and poor,  
Because we deem this life is all,  
That dazzles so the eyes of men ;  
But could we lift th' eternal veil,  
How vain were gold and glories then !

There was a rich man, CHRIST has said,  
In purple clothed and linen fine,  
Whose board was sumptuously spread  
With costly meats and sparkling wine ;  
And he had all that this world gives,  
But had no heart to give away :  
The lowly beggar in his rags  
Without his gate unheeded lay.

The very dogs, more pitiful,  
Came round to lick that poor man's sore ;  
He only asked the crumbs that fell  
From that rich board, and got no more.  
They died, the rich man and the poor ;  
How different, then, their after-state !  
To Abraham's bosom Angels bore  
The poor man lone and desolate.

The rich man lifted up his eyes,  
Far down in hell to torments driven ;  
He saw the beggar far away  
Within the golden gates of Heaven.

*The First Sunday after Trinity.* 67

Oh! envy not the rich, the great,  
Nor wish your lowlier lot like theirs;  
For strong temptations wait on wealth,—  
Who much possess have many cares.

But ask we all of God Most High,  
Both rich and poor together bent,  
To make His high ones poor of heart,  
To make His lowly sons content;  
That all His gifts for Him be used,  
And still His holy Church give praise,  
With liberal hands and lowly hearts  
Fulfilling well her earthly days.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

The LORD made me have dominion over the mighty.  
*Judges v. 13.*

**B**ORTH looked the mother from her lattice  
high;  
To Judah's valleys turned her proud  
dark eye;—

“Why do his chariot-wheels delay so long?  
Why tarries thus the valiant and the strong?

Have they not sped? have they not won the day?  
To every man hath been a glorious prey;

68    *The Second Sunday after Trinity.*

The gorgeous work by Syrian maidens planned,  
And fair young slaves, the brightest in the land.

Sure he will deck his loved ones with the spoil."—  
In vain she looketh toward that favoured soil;  
With shout and song, in peace returning home,  
He cometh not; nor e'er again shall come.

Far, far away, within the Kenite's tent,  
His brow is pierced, his stately head is bent;  
Where Kishon's ancient waters hurry by,  
On Taanach's plains his trampled warriors lie.

For Israel's God hath led the glorious fight,  
Abinoam's son has conquered in His might,  
And she who sat by Bethel's judgment-tree  
Has risen to chant the song of victory.

One woman, dwelling in her tent alone,  
In the LORD's name hath slain the mighty one;  
She heard the cry of battle on the blast,  
She stayed the flying chieftain as he past.


Then say not, here on earth are feeble things,  
Too weak and mean to serve the King of kings;  
The shallow stream, scarce noticed in its course,  
Feeds the broad lake and swells the torrent's force.

Prayers of the poor and lowly, heard above,  
Hang like a charm around the Church we love;  
And sighs prevail, and simple words have power,  
More than we think, when foes like tempests lour.

The lowliest child that holy Church within,  
Hath his own work to do, his fight to win,  
To watch, to pray, to keep his own young heart;—  
God giveth strength for each appointed part.

### THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Be sober, be vigilant; for your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.—1 *Pet.* v. 8.

 HE shadows on the desert lay,  
By clustering palm-trees made;  
There stood a little Afric hut  
Within their crested shade.

All night the hunter watched his home  
With fire and ready spear,  
Because the lion of the plain  
Was ever roaming near.

And still, when moonlight shadows fell  
Along the desert dread,  
He deemed he saw his large red eye,  
And heard his stealthy tread;

And still his howl was on the blast  
That waved the palm-trees high;  
The weary watcher might not sleep,  
Nor let his bright fire die.

70    *The Third Sunday after Trinity.*

Around our quiet Christian homes  
A cruel lion stalks,  
More fearful far ; he dogs our ways,  
And haunts our daily walks.

Could our eyes see that evil one,  
How should we start and cower,  
To mark him watching our poor souls,  
Still ready to devour !

Still pouring in the evil thought,  
Still rising wrath and pride,  
And painting bright earth-vanities,  
Till Heaven is scarce descried.


But we have spiritual arms  
To strive against his might ;  
We have a holy fire within,—  
God's SPIRIT pure and bright.

We must not let our armour rust,  
Nor let our fire decay ;  
Our foot is ever on the watch,  
Our fight is every day.

But strong in faith, and vigilant  
O'er word and deed and thought,  
Our watchful souls must struggle on,  
Till the good fight be fought.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?—*St. Luke. vi. 41.*

E walk together side by side ;  
Within one hamlet we abide,  
And play beneath the same green tree ;  
Along the self-same path we roam,  
The like temptations round us come,  
And all are pilgrims hasting home,  
Where CHRIST our LORD shall ever be.

We must not linger in the race,  
To look into each other's face,  
And count the sins our brothers do,  
And tell them o'er, as though we found  
A pleasure in the grievous sound,  
As though our own hands were not bound,  
And we had nothing bad to rue.

Each has his own appointed part,  
To watch the sins of his own heart,  
To keep his bridal garment bright ;  
The beam is dark in his own eye,  
He must not scan too curiously  
The little motes that dimly lie,  
And darken less his brother's light.

72     *The Fourth Sunday after Trinity.*

It is a sad unlovely sight,  
When little children take delight  
To tell a comrade's evil deed ;  
Far better would they look within,  
And find out their own hidden sin,  
And then in penitence begin  
In truth the better life to lead.

For, when our trial-time is done,  
All for themselves, and each alone,  
Must stand before the judgment-seat.  
Then let us not, with thought unkind,  
Delight another's fault to find ;  
The self-accusing humble mind  
For sinful man is far more meet.

THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Be courteous.—1 *Pet.* iii. 8.



HERE are no little things on earth,  
There's nought beneath the Christian's  
care,  
No virtuous deeds of little worth ;  
The flower upon the mountain bare  
Where never came admiring eye,  
The LORD has carved as curiously,  
Has stained it with as gorgeous dye,  
As though a thousand looks were there.



*The Fifth Sunday after Trinity.* 73


Deem not the simple charms that dwell  
In gentle tone and smiling face,  
The courtesy that flings a spell  
Of winning love and quiet grace  
O'er common deeds in silence wrought,  
Beneath the Christian's careful thought ;  
Another love our LORD has taught,  
Adorning many a secret place.

Upon the lonely mountain height  
He bids his fair young blossoms swell,  
For fragrance all and beauty bright  
Forth bursting from each dark green shell :  
And shall no flowers of courtesy  
Within our lowly hamlets be,  
To brighten with their fragrance free  
The cottage homes where poor men dwell ?

Oh, yes, the temple stones of old  
Admiring glances ever drew,  
All fair and beauteous to behold,  
Ranged in their polished order due ;  
And lovely deeds beseem us all,  
The stones in CHRIST's own temple wall,  
And nought is trivial, nought is small,  
That we for His great name can do.

## THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

And whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council ; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.—*St. Matt. v. 22.*

 O, strike the sounding harp aright,  
Melodious strains shall fill thine ear ;  
Go, speak the words of love and light,  
And sweet shall be thy speech to hear.

But if rude hand should sweep the chords,  
For gentle strains shall discord be ;  
And angry speech, and spiteful words,  
Mar all the spirit's harmony.

The tongue, it is a little thing,  
But, oh, how much of sin and wrong  
Does that small member round us fling !  
The harsh reproof, too stern and strong,

The bitter name, the careless speech,—  
Alas ! we pour them everywhere,  
Nor think that to high Heaven they reach,  
And the great God records them there.

The large ship sailing o'er the deep,  
The hand of man can turn its course ;  
His own rude tongue he cannot keep,  
He will not check or tame its force.

*The Sixth Sunday after Trinity.* 75

Watch well thy lips ; as waters leap  
From a full source, their accents fall ;  
Watch well thy heart, the fountain deep  
Whence spring thy words and actions all.


If sinful anger, unforgot,  
Bring to thy lips the answer keen,  
Christian, pause, and speak it not,  
And love shall make thy bosom clean.

If coward fear or treachery  
Would clothe thy lip with specious art,  
Remember, ere thou speak the lie,  
God knows the secrets of the heart ;

And time hastes on the fleeting hours,  
Till CHRIST our LORD come back again ;  
We know each thought and deed of ours,  
And *word*, shall be recorded then.

THE SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

Nay, but I will surely buy it of thee at a price ; neither  
will I offer burnt-offerings unto the LORD my GOD of  
that which doth cost me nothing.—2 *Sam.* xxiv. 24.

HEN Israel's monarch stood of yore  
Beside Araunah's threshing-floor,  
And when the princely subject twice  
Refused the monarch's proffered price,

76    *The Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

And freely would have given  
Oxen and wood in sacrifice  
Unto the GOD of Heaven ;

The princely penitent forbore  
The generous donor's offered store ;  
Though kinglike to a king preferred,  
He turned aside with gentle word,  
And forth his fifty shekels brought ;—  
He would not offer to the LORD  
Of that which cost him nought.

Our love is not like theirs of old ;  
Our hands are closed, our hearts are cold ;  
A little time, a little thought,  
That brings no loss, that costs us nought,  
A little gold in offering  
To Him, who our full safety wrought,  
Is all the gift we bring.

Oh, not with things of smallest worth  
Should Christians serve the LORD on earth !  
CHRIST said, " Your daily crosses take,  
Bear pain, use trouble for My sake,  
Deny yourselves for Me ;  
Remembering all I bore, to make  
Your sinful spirits free."

If wealth, so perilous to hold,  
Be yours, give freely of your gold ;

*The Seventh Sunday after Trinity.* 77

Not the poor pittance pleasure spares  
From luxury's ideal cares ;  
Nor let the poor and low  
Deem he with his rich brother shares  
Nought fitting to bestow.

Give GOD that first best sacrifice,  
An humbled heart's repentant sighs ;  
Give Him some hours that else were spent  
In sleep, or sloth, or merriment,  
For prayer and holy deed,  
The praises of a heart content  
With all by Him decreed.

GOD looketh on our inward life ;  
He knows the cost, He sees the strife ;  
Alike accepted in His sight  
The rich man's thousand talents bright  
Given all in quiet lowliness,  
And the poor widow's lonely mite  
Saved from her hard distress.

THE EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

Heirs of GOD, and joint-heirs with CHRIST.—*Rom.* viii. 17.



O' late, from London's turret hoar,  
Glad tidings filled the winter morn,  
The monarch's trial time was o'er ;  
The heir of all the realm was born.

78    *The Eighth Sunday after Trinity.*

To city vast, to hamlet shade,  
    Went forth the voice of general joy ;  
And not a British heart but prayed  
    For blessings on the princely boy.

A day of gladness and of smiles ;—  
    And meet it was that such should be,  
Through all his birthright of fair isles,  
    Encompassed by their subject sea.

There is a heritage more fair  
    Than merry England's royal sway,  
And it hath many a new-born heir ;  
    Why heed we not their natal day ?

In all our village churches lone,  
    With mystic words of faith and love,  
By many a font of old grey stone  
    Those heirs are born of Heaven above ;

And white-winged angels hover o'er,  
    For crimson banners floating fair ;  
And for the cannon's joyous roar  
    Are uttered vow and whispered prayer.

Yea, we ourselves are born anew,  
    Heirs of a glorious crown, more bright  
Than ever earthly monarch knew  
    His own by old ancestral right.

Then still as year by year we view  
    Expanding fair that royal flower,

*The Eighth Sunday after Trinity.* 79

Ours is a future kingdom too,  
A higher sway, a holier power.

And for his queenly mother's sake,  
And for the loyal love we bear,  
The tear shall fall, the heart shall break,  
When his young brows the circlet wear.

But not a sigh, and not a tear,  
Shall rend the heart, or dim the face,  
When all CHRIST'S ransomed children dear  
Inherit their eternal place.

Then pray we all for us, for him,  
The trust of England's after-day ;  
That earth's gay dreams, her visions dim,  
Exclude not Heaven's more perfect ray ;

But to our FATHER'S promised home,  
The kingly crown, the robe washed white,  
The peasant and the prince may come,  
All heirs of everlasting light.

## THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Now these things were our examples, to the intent we  
should not lust after evil things, as they also lusted.—

1 *Cor.* x. 6.



UNTILL, year by year, on hill and plain,  
The flowers in spring as brightly blow,  
As if no wind had laid them low,

As if no winter's frost and snow  
Upon their silent roots had lain.  
Sweet types, in their new life, are they  
Of mortal man's returning day ;  
Like them he sleeps in short decay,  
Like them he lives and blooms again.

Each bud that bursts, each flower that springs,  
It hath a lesson of its own,  
If we would only hear the tone  
That breathes from hill and valley lone.  
And thus it is with holier things ;  
Within their hidden meanings lie,  
And thoughtful spirit may descry  
Pure precept and example high  
Beneath their mystic shadowings.

When Israel's hosts, beloved of God,  
From Egypt sought the desert dread,  
By day the cloud before them sped,  
By night the fiery pillar led ;



*The Ninth Sunday after Trinity.* 81

Unhurt the Red Sea depths they trod ;  
He rained down bread from Heaven's blue height,  
He bade the rock yield water bright,  
Till promised Canaan met their sight,  
With blushing vine and fertile sod.

We seek a land of more delight  
Than aught that promised Canaan gave ;  
We have escaped from sin's dark grave,  
Have passed the pure baptismal wave ;  
CHRIST leads us on by day and night,—  
The Bread that feeds our weariness,  
The Rock that, in the wilderness,  
Still gushes pure and free to bless  
Our souls with spiritual might.

We must not be like Israel's band,  
Who tempted GOD by deed and thought,  
Who scorned the law His prophet taught,  
Who loathed the precious food he brought,  
And wished again for Egypt's land ;  
His holy faith they would not hold,  
But loved the tales the heathen told,  
And made them idol gods of gold,  
Provoking His almighty hand.


These things are our examples, given,  
That we, who walk in brighter day,  
May hold our faith more pure than they ;  
Nor in this bad world go astray  
To sin, by evil passions driven ;

82    *The Ninth Sunday after Trinity.*

Till He, whom type and lay foretold,  
In mystic signs and songs of old,  
Shall lead us o'er life's dreary wold,  
Safe to our happy home in Heaven.

THE TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

And Ahab said to Elijah, Hast thou found me, O mine  
enemy?—1 *Kings* xxi. 20.

 HE tears are in King Ahab's eyes,  
His brow is dark with care,  
Because the poor man's vineyard lies  
So near his garden fair ;  
He flings his purple mantle by,  
Falls on his silken bed ;  
The queen and all her dames draw nigh,—  
He turns away his head.

Not pomp, nor wealth, nor high degree,  
True happiness impart ;  
She dwells with peace and charity  
Within the holy heart.  
There's envy in King Ahab's breast ;  
He's lord of hill and plain,  
He cannot sleep, he cannot rest,  
For Naboth's poor domain.

And so, at that bad woman's word,  
The just man's blood is shed,—

*The Tenth Sunday after Trinity.* 83

“ Arise ; possess his land, my lord ;  
The Jezreelite is dead.”

He rides with pompous equipage,  
The crown upon his brow,  
To seize the poor man's heritage ;—  
Is Ahab happy now ?

Oh ! no, that spot of envied ground  
God's prophet stands within ;  
Behold, his enemy hath found  
The slayer in his sin.  
He speaks the bitter doom of Heaven ;  
Where now the monarch's pride ?  
He turns away, his robe is riven,  
His gems are cast aside.

Thus when our wandering feet have erred,  
Through pride or discontent,  
Comes conscience, like the prophet's word,  
And speaks our punishment.  
Oh ! happiest they who, early taught  
Within CHRIST's holy school,  
Have learned to check the envious thought,  
The bad desire to rule.

Joy came not when the Jewish king  
His blood-won prize had bought ;  
It never comes from earthly thing  
Too hotly, wrongly, sought.  
Then tread we our appointed path,  
Pleased with what God has sent,  
Not envying what another hath,  
Still holy, still content.

THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better  
than all the waters of Israel?—2 *Kings* v. 12.

**H**E whom the leper's plague had made  
So lonely in his state,  
The captain of the Syrian host,  
Stood by Elisha's gate.

The prophet's messenger has met  
The warrior and his train,—

“Go wash in Jordan seven times,  
Thy flesh shall come again.”

“What! will he lay no hand on me,  
Nor call his God to save?  
Hath not Damascus streams as clear  
As Jordan's boasted wave?

“Is not Abana's stream as bright,  
And Pharpar's fount as pure?”—  
He turns in anger from the door,  
He scorns the simple cure.

Alas! man's heart is full of pride,  
Of ignorance, and sin;  
He will not choose God's simple ways,  
And humbly walk therein.

We have a stream more pure and clear  
Than Jordan's silver tide,  
The blood of Him who washed our sins,  
And bore them when He died.

Our hearts are cold, our hearts are proud,  
Contemning our own good ;  
We do not love Him as we ought,  
Nor serve Him as we should.

We think well of our own poor deeds,  
We deem our own ways right ;  
To us Abana's waves are clear,  
And Pharpar's waters bright.


'Twas well the warrior sought at last  
That river's healthful shore ;  
Thence, healed and cleansed, returned to bless  
The prophet from his store.

'Tis well that we, from sin's bad ways  
And from earth's vain delight,  
Turn to our LORD in penitence,  
And plead His cleansing might.

O CHRIST ! Thy little children's robes  
Have lost their first white hue ;  
LORD, wash them in Thy cleansing blood,  
Each day Thy grace renew.

THE TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

And straightway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.—*St. Mark* vii. 35.

ITHIN the quiet village street,  
Where seldom ruder sound is heard  
Than the quick tread of children's feet,  
Or whistle clear, or greeting word ;

Where hangs, beneath yon cottage-eaves,  
White jessamine her silver bells,  
And roses spread their broad red leaves  
Through every month, the dumb boy dwells.

His rustic cheek is rosy red,  
His eye is large, and bright, and mild,  
The passers-by stroke down his head,  
And smiling say, " How fair a child !"

Poor silent solitary boy !  
He dwells alone with his own heart,  
And all earth's many tones of joy  
No sounds to his dull ear impart.

And but for shapes and forms that roll  
Before his eye, and leave a dim,  
Strange impress on his thoughtful soul,  
This outward world were not for him.

My coming from afar he spies,  
He runs and lays his hand on me,  
Then looks up with his violet eyes  
Into my face, and laughs for glee.

And when, for every kindness,  
My words of soothing love are said,  
His rosy finger he will press  
On lip and ear, and shake his head.

Then have I thought, if He, the God  
Who healed of old the deaf and dumb,  
When, poor and shelterless, He trod  
Judea's shores, might hither come ;

How, by His gentle touch unbound,  
 Would lip and ear and heart rejoice,  
 Sense visit the dull ear, and sound  
 Flow sweetly from the tutored voice.

Not yet, not yet, though still beside,  
His form is veiled from mortal men ;  
The Bridegroom is not with the Bride ;  
We wait until He come again.

But still for us those lips have speech  
Even in their silent solitude, '   
And well their gentle lesson teach  
Of pity and of gratitude.

We, to whom God has freely given  
Sweet sense of sound, expression's flow,

88     *Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.*

If we abuse the gifts of Heaven,  
Nor praise, nor feel for other's woe,—

Sure, when our fleeting life is past,  
A heavy judgment will be ours ;  
For each must give account at last  
For gifts bestowed and wasted powers.

THE THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

Go, and do thou likewise.—*St. Luke* x. 37.



HO is thy neighbour, Christian child ?  
Thine infant vow is writ above,  
That promised, at God's holy font,  
Him as thyself to love.

Who is he ? All men, great or small,  
Who need thine aid, or claim thy fear,  
Thou hast a duty unto all,  
And all are neighbours dear.

Not only they who, loved and fond,  
Around thy lowly dwelling press ;  
The cold, the distant, the unkind,  
Claim too thy kindness.

He was a stranger to his hearth,  
He was his nation's deadly foe,



Whom erst the good Samaritan  
Found bleeding, cold, and low.

He took the wounded stranger up,  
He kindly bound his bleeding frame ;  
The LORD CHRIST says to each of you,  
“ Go thou, and do the same.”

The Priest turned to the other side,  
The Levite looked and passed him by :  
Shall hearts baptized be found as cold  
To Christian sympathy ?

Go thou, and love thy neighbour too ;  
On this our earth are none that live  
But they may work another's good,  
Though small their power to give,

With loving heart, with soothing tone,  
That raise the heart by sorrow riven,  
With cheering word, and helping hand,  
Unasked, but freely given.

Nor say, thou canst not reach to some,  
Too great, too high, too far away ;  
One bond is for the rich and poor,  
And, Christian, thou canst pray.

In little drops the night-dews fall,  
They nurse tall tree and lovely flower ;  
And lowly deeds bear precious fruits,  
And simple prayers have power.

THE FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

There are not found that returned to give glory to God'  
save this stranger.—*St. Luke xvii. 18.*



WE walk amid a world of beauteous things,  
Unnumbered blessings all around us  
flowing,  
Till we forget the gracious Hand that brings;  
Unheeded in its bountiful bestowing.

Sweet sights, glad sounds, are round us every day,  
The golden dawn, the gentle breath of even,  
The scent of summer flowers, the sun's hot ray,  
And all for pleasure, all for comfort given.

We walk in a new life; for us the stain  
That fell on this bright world, God's fair creation,  
Is washed away; and we are made again  
The sons of God, the heirs of high salvation;

And angels wave their guardian wings around,  
Communion with eternal things is ours,  
Hopes brightening still, and joys that are not found  
On this fair earth, with all her songs and flowers.

Where are our deeds in grateful service done?  
Where are the words with thankful rapture  
burning?

*Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.* 91

Alas! we all are cleansed ; there's scarcely one  
With voice of praise and works of love returning.

Ye, late baptized in God's thrice holy Name,  
Whose glad young life in every vein rejoices,  
Lo! one poor leper puts your zeal to shame ;—  
Come, praise the LORD CHRIST with your infant  
voices.

But words are weak, when thoughts lie deep and  
strong,  
And hearts run o'er, in deeds their love ex-  
pressing ;  
Be all your holy lives one grateful song,  
Be all your acts one voice of praise and blessing.

THE FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil  
not, neither do they spin : and yet I say unto you, that  
even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one  
of these.—*St. Matt.* vi. 28, 29.



HERE grew a fair white lily in the shade  
Of a green wood, where never man drew  
near,  
But round the lonely flower bright sunbeams played,  
And the dew fell in drops as silver clear.

92     *Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

The sceptered king his golden gates within,  
    Had not a robe as beautiful and bright  
As that poor flower, that did not toil or spin,  
    Wore in the wild wood, far from human sight.

She saw no hand to bring her the sweet dew,  
    To shield her from the hot sun's noontide ray,  
Yet without care or thought the fair thing grew,  
    And shed her patient perfume every day.


Shall man then fret and pine at his poor lot,  
    And mourn his state so friendless and unknown?  
The God, of whom the flower is unforgot,  
    Much more, much more, He careth for His own.

When want's dark cloud hangs o'er the present  
    hour,  
    And all to-morrow's ills look darkly through,  
Shall he not learn a lesson from the flower,  
    And trust the LORD in faithful patience too?

Children that, pressing round the poor man's hearth,  
    Have learnt the care that need so early brings,  
Seek ye the joys that are not of this earth,  
    And the good God shall give all other things.

THE SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

And when the LORD saw her, He had compassion on her,  
and said, Weep not.—*St. Luke* vii. 13.

 LOOK on the train, through the city gate  
Bearing the dead man in slow array ;  
Look on the poor mother desolate,  
Weeping alone o'er the mouldering clay.

She was a widow, she had but him,  
The star that lighted her lonely age ;  
Her staff is broken, her light is dim,  
She must finish alone her pilgrimage.

She has covered her forehead with ashes,  
For his eyes cannot brighten her gloom,  
She has kissed down their motionless lashes,  
She must follow her child to the tomb.

Oh ! human sorrow and hopelessness,  
Little ye think on the good GOD nigh ;  
He comes in pitying tenderness,  
He looks on her grief with gentle eye ;

He hath touched the cold dead on his bier  
In the might of His life-giving power ;—  
Mother, where now is thy anguished tear ?  
Widow, where now is thy lonely hour ?

94     *Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.*


There lie green graves in the churchyard cold,  
Long lowly graves where the grass grows fair ;  
Should we mourn, like that mother of old,  
For our loved ones, laid mouldering there ?

For the Christians, who lay down in trust  
Of a waking more glorious, more blest,  
When the soul shall rekindle its dust,  
And the saints shall have heavenly rest ;

When the sweet voice, that gave back of yore  
To the widowed and childless her son,  
Shall awaken His blessed once more  
To the life that His patience has won ?

THE SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

Thus saith the LORD GOD : Repent, and turn yourselves  
from your idols.—*Ezek.* xiv. 6.

 HERE cedars wave on Syrian height  
Were altars reared for votive rite ;  
And silver Jordan swept along  
To anthem loud and choral song.

But not for great JEHOVAH's praise  
Did Israel's matrons pour their lays,  
And not for Him, in wooded glade,  
On sunny height, the shrine was made.

*Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.* 95

And Judah's maids wild dances trod  
To many an unclean heathen god ;  
And impious sires, in lone green wood,  
For offering poured their children's blood.

They drank their flowing cups at noon,  
They praised at night the fair round moon ;—  
The chosen of the King of kings,  
They bowed down to created things.

Yea, gods they made of wood and stone ;—  
Poor human hearts ! thus ever prone  
To leave the ways that God has shown,  
And make false idols of their own ;

As trees beside some water bright,  
Whose brows are set to heaven's blue height,  
Yet bend their branches down, and look  
On the false sky within the brook.

We do not bend the adoring knee  
To demon gods 'neath forest tree ;  
And when the fair round moon returns,  
No heart in votive rapture burns ;

But wrong desire, and cherished sin,  
And selfish care enshrined within,  
And angry passions, prompt to wake ;  
These are the idols Christians make.

We will not cleanse the sinful breast,  
Because we love our own ways best,

96 *Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.*


Better than Him, from sin's foul sway  
Who died to turn our hearts away.

We must not scorn our Master thus ;  
Earth's vain deceits are not for us ;  
Her idol shrines, her gilded cares,  
Befit not heaven's immortal heirs.

The great LORD GOD enthroned on high,  
He sees the soul's idolatry ;  
He claims the first love of our heart,  
Nor takes what is but His in part.

THE EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

Also I gave them My Sabbaths, to be a sign between them  
and Me.—*Ezek.* xx. 12.

OW our six days' work is done ;  
Softly sank the evening sun ;  
Man, and child, and weary beast,  
Hail your universal feast !  
From the labour and the toil,  
Bearing burdens, tilling soil,  
From close loom and anvil red,  
Rest to-day, the LORD has said.

Thus, in smiling Palestine,  
Won of old by Jacob's line,



*Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.* 97

Through the vales where honey flowed,  
Where the fruitful cattle lowed,  
O'er green height and watered sod,  
Held they erst the rest of GOD;  
Knew no toil, no burden bore,  
Till the Sabbath hours were o'er.

We our festival of rest  
Hallow with His name most blest,  
Who, omnipotent to save,  
Sprang to-day from Joseph's grave;  
And, through all the quiet air,  
Gentle bells shall call to prayer;  
Twice to-day, with heart and word,  
Shall we praise our living LORD.

Golden links at distance found  
In the chain that binds us round,  
Scented flowers, that strew the way  
Where our weary feet must stray,  
Are our happy Sundays, given  
To lead up our souls to heaven,  
Turning for awhile our eyes  
From earth's cares and vanities.

Heavily GOD's anger burned,  
When His sinful people turned,  
And polluted with their crime  
His own chosen Sabbath time.  
We, when breaks our LORD's own day,

98 *Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

Gladly let us hail the ray,  
And, with holy hand and heart,  
In His service bear our part.

THE NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

The GOD whom thou servest continually, He will deliver  
thee.—*Dan. vi. 16.*



ROUND the monarch's restless couch  
To-night the voice of song be mute ;  
No gentle maids, with soothing touch,  
Draw music from the melting lute ;  
Nor fill the cup for royal feast ;  
Alone the Mede in sorrow lies,  
And mourns the wrath, to famished beast  
That gave the holy and the wise.

Could he have changed the stern decree ?  
How slowly wears the night away !  
The stars are fading silently ;  
Bright flashes in the eastern day ;—  
Behold the guilty monarch steal  
To yonder den with slaughter dyed ;  
With trembling hand his signet seal  
He breaks, and rolls the stone aside.

He sees the lions' large red eyes  
Far gleaming through the darkness lone ;

*Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.* 99

“ Oh, Daniel ! dost thou live ? ” he cries,  
“ And hath thy LORD GOD kept His own ? ”  
He bends his head, he strains his ear ;—  
Lo ! to his lamentable call  
The Prophet’s voice comes calm and clear,  
As if he trod his palace-hall ;

“ O King, live ever in thy might !  
God’s holy angel hath been here ;  
He watched beside me all the night,—  
The famished lions drew not near.  
Thus ever doth the LORD GOD shroud  
Who serve His name in innocence.”  
Now, joy to Media’s monarch proud :  
Now, draw the rescued Prophet thence.

Where now is Daniel’s spirit high,  
When trials wait on Christian deed ?  
When evil men stand scoffing by,  
And mock our hope, and scorn our meed ?  
Where now, when foes and fears are round,  
The faith that hath no doubt, no care ?  
In vain for him the monarch frowned,  
And chid the oft-repeated prayer ;

Still thrice a-day the exile set  
His face where western sunbeams fall ;  
And faithful memory wandered yet  
To Solomon’s forsaken wall.  
We turn back at a word, a jest,  
We tremble at a comrade’s sneer


100 *Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.*

We know it right, we feel it best  
To serve the LORD, and yet we fear.

Yet times have been of sterner strife,  
When beasts had power o'er holy men,  
And martyrs deemed that better life  
Worth all the pains they suffered then.  
Shame on our cold and coward love !  
Who faint and weary every day,  
Whom words affright, whom shadows move,  
From treading in God's perfect way.

THE TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

And they all with one consent began to make excuse.  
*St. Luke xiv. 18.*

“ O, call my guests,” the monarch said,  
“ The ready board is richly spread,  
The rosy wine runs bright,  
The bridegroom and the bride are here ;  
Go, let my bidden guests draw near,  
And bid them taste our royal cheer,  
And grace the festal night.”

In vain the obedient servants speed ;  
They do not hear, they will not heed ;  
The busy cares of life

*Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.* 101

Have all their hearts so closely bound,  
They cannot hear that gentle sound ;  
One seeks his oxen, one his ground,  
And one will wed a wife.

Oh, sorrow ! Is that royal board,  
With costliest dainties richly stored,  
Untasted left and bare ?  
Can these not cast their toils aside ?  
Can this not bring his wedded bride,  
Alike accepted, at his side,  
To pay her homage there ?

The glorious King of earth and sky  
Has spread His marriage-feast on high,  
And bids us come and share ;  
Still day by day, and year by year,  
The sweet sounds linger on our ear,  
God's chosen servants say, " Draw near ;  
For heaven your hearts prepare."

If we, unheeding, turn away,  
If worldly toil or pleasant play,  
Fill all our foolish breasts  
So full, we have no time to pray,  
To watch, to tread our Master's way,—  
Then, sure we are as bad as they,  
The king's ungrateful guests.


Not thus, not thus, CHRIST's blessed band ;  
Come, take your loved ones by the hand,  
Obey the festive call ;

102 *Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.*

Put on your wedding garments fair,  
Ye know not, lost in worldly care,  
How soon the Bridegroom will be there ;  
Be ready, one and all.

THE TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother ; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.—*Prov. i. 8, 9.*

ITHIN our happy cottage homes  
Are sounds of mirth and gladness free ;—  
Whose gentle voice, the sweetest, comes  
Controlling all their glee ?  
Whose bosom pillows the sick head ?  
Who sings the song for infant ear,  
And neatly lays the cradle bed ?  
Who but our mother dear ?

And when the stars begin to show,  
And dews are rising from the plain,  
Who, with tired limb and weary brow,  
Comes whistling down the lane ?  
Who, for his own dear little ones,  
Hath early toiled, and laboured late ?  
How fast each little lisper runs !  
“ Our father’s at the gate.”

How oft, when we are weary men,  
And toiling for our own scant store,  
Shall the sweet song come back again  
Our mothers used to pour ;  
And we shall dwell, with lingering thought,  
Upon our father's silver hairs,  
And ponder all the truths they taught,  
And bless them for their cares.

O filial love ! round peasant hearts  
The sweetest tie, the purest bond,—  
Have courts and towns, with all their arts,  
A joy to show beyond ?  
What ornament so bright and fair,  
Of golden chain or rich attire,  
As duteous love and reverend care  
To mother and to sire ?

And God has blessed the sacred flame,  
His type for holiest feelings given,  
And bids us call His dearest name,  
Our FATHER up in heaven.  
And who was He who, even in death,  
Thought on His mother's bitter woe,  
And left her, with His parting breath,  
To him best loved below ?

The noontide hours are hot and bright,  
And eve is sweet when toil is done ;  
But streaks of rosier, softer light  
Hung round the rising sun ;

And where, as lengthening years roll on,  
 Shall man meet love as pure and high  
 As that which filled his father's tone,  
 And lit his mother's eye?

# THE TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.—*Prov. xii. 10.*

**B**E kind to all ; the beasts that feed,  
 The birds that wander to and fro,  
 For use or beauty all decreed,  
 And to thy comfort or thy need  
 Made ministers below ;  
 The little insects, born to-day,  
 And dying in one sunny hour ;  
 To all that lie beneath thy sway,  
 Good Christian, gently use thy power.

On them hath fallen, for man's offence,  
 The doom of death, earth's primal curse ;  
 Think you to show your penitence  
 For deeds that drove sweet concord hence,  
 By making their lot worse ?  
 And do ye well to hurt or mar  
 What God set with us through the land,  
 The curious living things that are  
 The work of His almighty hand ?



Yon patient ass, by you abused,  
Of old his lowly Master bore,  
Whom man deserted and misused;  
And when the proud, cold world refused  
To own her LORD, and shut the door  
Against His Virgin Mother mild,  
She sought the cattle's humble shed,  
And o'er the manger-cradled child  
The horned oxen bowed the head.

GOD loves the heart where kindness  
And pitying love have place;  
From them who wantonly oppress  
His creatures in their helplessness,  
He turns away His face.  
And thoughtless boys make cruel men,  
For habit hardens into crime;  
Be kind, be good, be gentle, then,  
To all things in your childhood's time.

THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.  
*St. Matt. xxii. 21.*



SAW within the forest hoar  
An aged oak grow broad and green;  
A hundred rolling years and more  
That knotted trunk unscathed had seen.

And little violets, darkly blue,  
 With breath that perfumed all the glade,  
 Sprang through the soft green moss that grew  
 Like velvet in the quiet shade.

With purple eye, and light green shoots,  
 As if they loved that ancient tree,  
 Around his rough and hoary roots  
 The little flowers twined lovingly ;

Through all his boughs the winds of heaven  
 With murmur hoarse did come and go,  
 Yet round them hung, at balmy even,  
 The fragrance breathing from below.

And thus it is ; things low and mean  
 Can reach to great things far above ;  
 And thus does mighty England's Queen  
 Still claim her peasants' lowly love.

Our hearts are selfish, narrow, cold ;  
 With swelling pride, with weakness fraught ;  
 'Tis well they sometimes learn to hold  
 Devotion high and reverent thought.

'Tis well our love should sometimes rise,  
 Like perfume through the evening air,  
 To where the sign of empire lies  
 Within that hand so small and fair.

He bade us render all their due,  
 Who was Himself of kings the King ;

Nor doubt we of His meaning true,  
Nor ask what peasant hearts can bring.

The love that breathes no slighting word,  
That holds her name a charmed sound ;  
The prayers, the blessings, ever heard,  
Of hearts in loyal duty bound ;


These all may feel and all may show.  
There's many a simple village fane,  
Where sweet child-voices whisper low  
Her royal name, and not in vain.

For round the Monarch's lofty throne  
Are gathering clouds and breezes high,  
And cares, to childish hearts unknown,  
Will oft-times dim her weary eye.

God's blessing guard our Lady sweet,  
The circled brow, the sceptred hand ;  
All love be hers and honour meet,—  
The Cæsar of our mighty land.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY  
AFTER TRINITY.

The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.—*St. Matt. ix. 24.*

EFT in her little room alone,  
The Ruler's child lay stiff and dead,  
While, vainly warm, the Syrian sun  
Played round her cold and silent bed;

While, vainly soft, from Judah's hills  
Sighed through the lattice the soft air,  
That could not move the close white lip,  
Nor heave again the bosom fair.

The voice of anguish and despair  
Is loud within the chamber near,  
Of them lamenting bitterly  
Her early doom with groan and tear.

Her mother maketh grievous moan :—  
“ Ah ! had the sire more swiftly sped,  
And brought the mighty Prophet here  
Ere the last lingering breath was fled.

What now avails that far away  
Comes o'er the plain his hastening tread ?  
Go tell him that he trouble not  
The Master more ; my child is dead.”

Dead ! is all o'er when that is said ?  
Are hope, and trust, and comfort, gone ?  
The servant tells the weeping sire,  
And yet the Prophet journeys on.

He stands amid the mourning throng ;  
“ Why do ye make this bitter cry ?  
The damsel is not dead, she sleeps.”  
They laugh in scorn,—they saw her die.

Yea, but they see not the strong power  
For life and death that standeth by,  
Nor read the awful Godhead veiled  
Beneath that meekly patient eye.

Go forth, then, unbelieving throng ;  
The three apostles and the twain  
Who love so tenderly alone  
Shall see her spirit come again.

Now waken, waken, little maiden,  
His foot is on thy chamber-floor,  
The LORD GOD of the living cometh  
Thine earthly being to restore.

He takes her cold resistless hand :—  
“ Damsel, I say to thee arise.”  
Lo, life returns, with mantling flow,  
To cheek, and brow, and kindling eyes.

She riseth up, she walketh forth,  
Her lip is red, her heart is warm ;


110 *Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.*

He gives her to her mother's kiss,  
He gives her to her father's arm.

Surely, we too have hope in sorrow,  
Who for our Christian brethren weep;  
CHRIST is our Life and Resurrection;  
They are not dead, they do but sleep.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words  
stir up strife.—*Prov. xv. 1.*

 HE storm-gust meets the tall green tree,  
And breaks his branches high;  
The little flower bends down her head,  
And the rude wind sweeps by.

The lake's calm waters break and yield  
Beneath the dashing oar;  
The boat sweeps on—the soft waves meet  
As smoothly as before.

The gentle word, the meek reply,  
When angry passions wake,  
Unscathed shall meet them, like the flower  
That bends, but does not break.

The soul that beareth patiently  
Harsh words or chiding hard,  
Flows on, in her own quiet peace,  
Unruffled and unmarred.

The quick retort, the hasty speech,  
The gibes that will not cease,  
How ill the children they besee  
Of the dear Prince of peace !

It was not thus in olden time,  
When heathens, as they strove,  
Looked on CHRIST's brother band, and said,  
" See how those Christians love !"

And He whose lip did ne'er resent  
Fierce taunt and cruel blow,  
He blest the peaceable of heart,  
God's children here below.

And sure that blessing high were worth  
The strife with self and sin ;  
To cast away the angry thought,  
To keep the harsh word in,

To yield in loving gentleness,  
That your poor homes may be  
Faint emblems of that glorious place  
Where all is unity.

And ye are pledged to do and bear  
Where'er CHRIST's banner leads ;  
Come, take your crosses in your hands,—  
True love is shown by deeds.



## ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

JESUS . . . . . saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and  
Andrew his brother.—*St. Matt.* iv. 18.



'ER all the earth, with even course,  
The seasons come and go ;  
We know them by the fruits and flowers  
That mark their ebb and flow.

The little snowdrops, pure and white,  
Come back with every spring ;  
And what a heap of blooming sweets  
Does rosy summer bring !

And autumn has her ripe red fruits,  
On branches bending low ;  
And dark green leaves, and berries red,  
Shine through the winter's snow.

And thus with feast and sacred tide,  
And name of saint and seer,  
The holy Church hath flowers to mark  
Her spiritual year.



Sweet flowers they are that bring to us  
A breath of heavenly air,  
Awakening in our hearts the thought  
Of happy spirits there ;

Glad thought of many a glorious saint,  
Gone safely home before,  
Who love their brothers toiling still  
Where they toiled on of yore ;

Till, gazing on their patient faith,  
Our spirits learn to feel  
Some semblance of their holy love,  
Some portion of their zeal.

Ah ! what were earth without her charm  
Of ever-blooming flowers ?  
And what were we, if nought beyond  
This outward world were ours ?

If we had not a home on high,  
A glorious King to meet,  
A band of brothers waiting there  
In saintly commune sweet !—

Then surely, with no causeless care,  
The Church holds holy days,  
That we may love CHRIST's blessed saints,  
And learn to tread their ways.

## ST. THOMAS'S DAY.

And Thomas answered and said unto Him, My LORD and my GOD.—*St. John* xx. 28.

**B**LESSED were they who, in the days of  
old,  
Saw the LORD's face, and listened to His  
word ;

More blessed they, His gentle voice has told,  
Who never saw, and yet believe their LORD.

“ Except I look upon the risen dead,  
And lay my finger where the nails ran through,  
And touch His wounded side,” Saint Thomas said,  
“ Your words are wild ; I will not hold them  
true.”

On those eleven, met to pray and watch,  
The last red sunbeam flung a twilight gloom,  
No foot had stirred, no hand had raised the latch,—  
There stood another in the lowly room.

“ Look on my hands, O faithless heart !” He cried,  
“ Behold ! the prints of cruel nails are here.  
Put forth thy finger now and touch my side ;  
There deeply drank the Roman's hated spear.”


No more th' Apostle's doubtful soul is dim ;  
Bursts from his quivering lip the cry of faith,

“ My LORD, my GOD;” henceforth content for Him  
To bear the life of scorn, the martyr's death.

And dear to us that word, in later day,  
Who hold, in faith, the things we might not see ;  
“ Thou seeing hast believed ; more blest are they  
Who have not seen, yet have believed on Me.”

### THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

For he is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My name before  
the Gentiles.—*Acts ix. 15.*

 HE golden vale where Pharpar rolls,  
Where proud Damascus' turrets rise,  
Is basking in the noontide ray  
That falls from cloudless eastern skies.

Look on that eager angry man,  
O'er yonder height who leads his train,  
And with bent brow and flashing eye,  
Shows the fair city in the plain.

Turn now from sunny Syrian vale,  
From palmy grove and glittering dome,  
To where old Tiber's dark blue wave  
Flows murmuring round imperial Rome.

A captive waits in yonder cell ;  
The Roman's axe is sharp to-night

116     *The Conversion of St. Paul.*

That with the morrow drinks his blood ;  
His soul is calm, his eye is bright.

Thus conquering prince on battle eve  
Might watch the last red sunbeam thrown  
O'er lovely lands, that, ere that light  
Declines again, shall be his own.

The proud stern man who sought with chains  
All those who called on CHRIST's dear name ;  
The captive clinging to His cross  
In faithful hope ; are these the same ?

Yea, both are one ; the zealot Jew,  
Strong in his self-esteeming pride ;  
The meek Apostle, knowing nought  
But " CHRIST," and " CHRIST the crucified."

What changed the lion to the lamb ;  
The slayer to the suffering saint ?—  
With perfume from Damascus borne,  
The noontide breeze came hot and faint ;

A mighty sound was in the air,  
The frightened train stood speechless all ;  
To him in gentler tones it spake,  
" Why dost thou persecute Me, Saul ?"

O haughty hearts of human pride !  
We, too, have erred in thought and word ;  
With angry speech, with wrathful deed,  
Have sinned against our gentle LORD.


Would our repentant hearts were found  
In meekness such, in love as free,  
As his who left friends, kindred, fame,  
And glory's dream, and high degree ;

And, for the brightness of his crown,  
Deemed loss was gain, all sorrows light !  
High glory to the King of Saints,  
Who calls His own, and gives them might !

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN  
THE TEMPLE,  
COMMONLY CALLED

THE PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

They brought Him to Jerusalem to present Him to  
the LORD.—*St. Luke ii. 22.*

ERUSALEM, why are thy voices dumb ?  
Where, sons of Jacob, are your notes  
of glee ?

Behold ! the LORD God, whom ye seek, doth come  
To-day unto His temple suddenly.

Where stand the Levite bands their King to greet ?  
What waiting guards attend upon His state ?—  
One lowly virgin beareth up the street  
Her first-born Son unto thy temple gate.

118      *Presentation in the Temple.*

Her forty days of loneliness are o'er ;  
    What present doth the virgin Mother bring ?  
The two young pigeons from her scanty store,  
    And Him, the full sufficient offering.

Haply, to-day, with pomp and proffered gold,  
    Young noble mothers sought the holy dome,  
Paid the full price that Moses bade of old,  
    And bore their ransomed treasures proudly home ;

But not for them the prophet's eye, grown dim  
    With watchful years, lit up in ecstasy ;  
Nor aged Anna looked in them for Him  
    Whom she had served so long, so patiently.


And when resistless broke the glowing word,  
    “ Now let Thy servant die, my work is done ;  
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the LORD ;”  
    The prophet looked upon the Virgin's Son.

He was the perfect sacrifice foreshown  
    By shadowy type of old and symbol high ;  
The first-born of unnumbered sons, alone  
    In Him accepted, and in Him brought nigh.

No treasured gold shall buy Him back again,  
    Self-offered gift to shrive a whole world's sin :  
Open thy gates ; the Victim and His train  
    Draw near ; the Virgin bears her First-born in.

## ST. MATTHIAS'S DAY.

And the lot fell upon Matthias.—*Acts* i. 26.

HY, when our thoughts could turn to thee,  
O chosen saint, Apostle dear!  
Why mingles with the memory  
A feeling strange of awful fear?

Because remembrance of his doom  
Who lost thy place for foulest sin  
Across the trembling heart will come,  
Till the scared spirit shrinks within.

Thus men have watched the morning light  
Break calm along the wild sea-shore,  
Yet thought upon the fearful night  
Of storms and wrecks that went before.

So, conscious of our own hearts' stains,  
The weak bad thoughts that in us dwell,  
We think on mercy spent in vain,  
On the high place from which he fell.

Oh! who shall boast the name he bears,  
His privilege of service high,  
The saintly commune that he shares,  
While still temptation watches nigh?

When one of CHRIST's own twelve on earth  
 Foreswore his faith, betrayed his trust,  
 And gave what whole worlds were not worth  
 For some few grains of silver dust ;

How should we watch our hearts, and mark  
 The first small covetous desire,  
 And quench the little growing spark,  
 That else may kindle endless fire !

And still thy name shall hope renew  
 Who filled so well the traitor's place,  
 Thy faith held on, firm, constant, true ;—  
 We too in CHRIST have strength and grace.

### THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

And the Angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that  
 art highly favoured, the LORD is with thee ; blessed  
 art thou among women.—*St. Luke i. 28.*



Of royal line, of holy heart,  
 But poor, and mean, and lowly bred,  
 Was she upon whose mother-breast  
 The LORD CHRIST laid His infant head.

Beneath no lofty palace-roof  
 The flower was nursed all bright and pure,  
 Within whose fragrant cup lay hid  
 That precious seed, a whole world's cure.



Beside the poor man's humble door  
His snowy wing the angel stayed ;  
And to the peasant's promised bride  
He said, " Hail, highly favoured maid !"

He spake of God's mysterious will ;  
While marvelled much the maiden mild,  
As the rapt stranger gladly poured  
The wonders of her heaven-sent Child.

Then meekly bowed the Virgin's head,  
As deep her thoughtful soul adored ;  
" Be it to me as thou hast said ;  
Behold the handmaid of the LORD."


Most loved, most favoured, whose young arm  
Was cradle for her SAVIOUR's rest ;  
Above all women honoured high,  
Above all earthly creatures blest.

Alas ! that human hearts have erred,  
Profaning her dear name with words  
That would have grieved her lowly heart,  
With prayers that should be all her LORD's.

We bless her with a meeter love,  
And think the while, with awful praise,  
Who said, " Yea, rather blest are they  
Who hear My word, and choose My ways."

## ST. MARK'S DAY.

And some Evangelists.—*Ephes.* iv. 11.

HEN erst the rich man from the lake of  
fire,  
Where hope might breathe no more nor  
comfort come,  
Looked up to heaven, and prayed of the great sire  
To send some spirit to his father's home;  
“Nay,” Abraham said, “they need not to be told;  
They have what Moses wrote, what prophets sang  
of old.”

And holy men, who lived with our dear LORD,  
Knew all His love, and looked on all His woe,  
By GOD's great Spirit moved, for us have poured  
The words He spake, the deeds He wrought  
below;  
Cast on our earthly path truth's golden ray,  
And told of heavenly joys, and showed the only  
way.

What need we other voices from the dead?

They sang of One who died and rose anew,  
Who trod for us the gloomy portal dread,

And, living, leads His chosen children through,  
That, by their gospel taught, our souls may prove  
Constant in faith, and firm and loyal in our love.


We, round our happy hearths, in quietness  
Pore o'er the page, and ponder the sweet strain,  
Mindful of them who, in their deep distress,  
Evangelist, and saint, and martyr train,  
Nursed the pure flame through heathen ages dark ;  
And call their names to mind, as thine, to-day,  
Saint Mark !

And, even for the love we bear that Word,  
Those honoured names shall fall upon our ear  
With a sweet, grateful sound ; we love the bird  
That sang the strain we loved at twilight clear,  
And " beautiful their feet," th' inspired band,  
Who poured salvation's strain through all the  
darkened land.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES'S DAY.

Jesus . . . findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow Me.

*St. John i. 43.*

 NTO the guileless Israelite  
Saint Philip spake of old :  
" Come, we have found whom prophets  
sang,

Whom Moses erst foretold,

Where Galilean peasants toil,  
And spread the frugal board  
In the poor homes of Nazareth ;  
Come forth and see the LORD."

Happy were they in hamlet lone,  
Or on the lake's green shore,  
Who met the LORD whom Judah's seers  
Had prophesied of yore.

He found them at their daily toil,  
Mean, lowly, and unknown,  
The fisher and the peasant poor,  
And chose them for His own.

We, patiently fulfilling each  
The task by Heaven assigned,  
Still toiling in our lowly place,  
Our SAVIOUR too shall find.

For still the peasant's lowly shed  
He fills with light and love,  
And sanctifies the meanest work  
That's wrought for God above.

The happy saints are gone to heaven,  
They always see Him there ;  
We too, who serve Him here below,  
His unseen Presence share,

Who do our own work duteously,  
With meek eyes heavenward set ;  
Such men He called His own of old,  
With such He lingers yet.

## ST. BARNABAS'S DAY.

And they called Barnabas, Jupiter ; and Paul, Mercurius.

*Acts xiv. 12.*

**B**Y Lystra's wall the ready priest awaits  
With the wreathed oxen crowned for  
sacrifice ;

The people hasten to the city gates,  
Rending the quiet air with eager cries,  
As, wild, they press around those two meek men,  
Shouting, " The gods, the gods, are come to earth  
again !"

Was it because the cripple in the street  
Rose up and walked at sound of that high  
Name ?

Or for the words, all eloquent and sweet,  
That from the lips of one so richly came ?  
Or for kind looks that filled the other's eye,  
Of pitying love benign, and gentle sympathy ?

What say the honoured twain ? Their clothes  
are torn,

Their voice is loud,—“ Alas ! what would ye do,  
People of Lystra ? We are mortal born,  
Men who like fears, like passions, have with  
you ;

We bid you turn from these dead vanities,  
And serve the living God, who made the earth  
and skies.”

Then first God's praise o'er Lycaonian vale  
Arose, and Lystra's wondering sons adored.  
We too this day, recalling the old tale,  
Find hope and pleasure pondering their word ;  
Thinking how men, as poor and weak as we,  
Fought the good fight of faith, and won the victory.

Yea, still the " Son of Consolation " brings  
A comfort to our hearts, while here we stray,  
With strife of inward sin and outward things,  
Tempted and frightened from the narrow way ;  
God's saints have trod the same rough path before,  
Had passions like to ours, and pains and perils  
more.

Nor only solace draw we from the theme,  
His holy life hath many a lesson meet ;  
How little he did worldly wealth esteem  
Who laid his all at the Apostle's feet !  
How earthly honour grieved his lowliness !  
How full his heart of grace, and love, and gentle-  
ness !

Like scented airs, from some far garden brought  
Perchance across the traveller's weary track ;  
Example, comfort, counsel, holy thought,  
Come, as our memories fondly wander back  
To that old saint ; and higher lead us still,  
Unto " The King of Saints " upon His heavenly hill.

## ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet.—*St. Luke* vii. 26.

**B**Y Jordan's wave the wild ass stoops to  
 drink,  
 And the bee murmurs in her loneliness  
 Over the sweet flowers springing on its brink;—  
 Why throng the people to the wilderness?

Why do they gather round that ancient river  
 From proud Jerusalem, from Judah's land?  
 Come they to see the tall reeds bend and quiver,  
 By the wind shaken, on that lonely strand?

Seek they for one in gorgeous robe arrayed?  
 Lo! such are found in kingly palace fair;  
 Better beseem that solitary glade  
 The leathern girdle and the camel's hair,

The deep stern voice pouring its awful word,  
 As in the desert cries the lonely seer,  
 "Prepare ye for the coming of the LORD;  
 Repent ye, for His kingdom draweth near."

The people found a prophet in the wild,  
 Yea, and much more, even him whom CHRIST  
 has named  
 "Greatest of woman born," the destined child  
 Whose wondrous birth the angel erst proclaimed,

128      *St. John Baptist's Day.*

When the priest father in the temple bowed  
His silver hairs God's mystic shrine before,  
And the bright stranger hung upon the cloud  
Of grateful incense sweet that hovered o'er.

Not in his childhood's home among the hills  
Caught he that note of preparation high,  
That warning stern, whose awful import thrills  
The conscious sinners as they tremble nigh ;

God's Spirit filled him from his natal hour,  
Bidding him serve, in loneliness and might,  
Even till the maiden, in her wanton power,  
Made him the price of Herod's vain delight.

Yet CHRIST has said, the least and lowliest,  
From this world's want and weariness set free,  
And to the happy kingdom of the blest  
Gone home in peace, is greater far than he.

Yea, he is greater, even on this earth,  
Whose chastened spirit heavenly commune  
knows,  
On whom, beloved, the LORD of his new birth,  
His strength, His Spirit, and Himself bestows.


Oh, blessed hope !—By Jordan's wave no more  
The desert prophet lingers ; to the light  
Of his LORD's presence him the angels bore,  
Mid the foul joys of that unhallowed night.



And we too hear deep voices through the land,  
Saying, "Repent ye, for the LORD doth come;"  
We walk with Him below, we hope to stand  
Where all are great in that eternal home.

ST. PETER'S DAY.

And the LORD turned, and looked upon Peter.  
*St. Luke xxii. 61.*

 HERE o'er Judea's fertile plains  
Bright eastern sunbeams break,  
There dwelt a lowly fisher, by  
The Galilean lake;

He heard our Blessed Saviour's voice  
Say, "Simon, follow Me,"  
And straightway he forsook his nets,  
And left that dark blue sea.

He left his ship with her white sail  
Dipt idly in the wave,  
Because the voice was in his ear  
Of Him who came to save;

Because he felt a holier work  
To him on earth was given,  
Commissioned by the LORD most high  
To lead lost souls to heaven.

So turned he from his pleasant home  
Upon the lake's green shore,  
And kindred ties, to follow CHRIST,  
And serve Him evermore.

Yet once his fiery soul forgot  
The vows so freely said,  
When he, in that long judgment-hall,  
Watched for the sentence dread ;

When curious looks were bent on him  
With many a taunting word,  
And thrice the coward lip refused  
To own his suffering LORD ;

When, through the slowly purpling dawn,  
Again the shrill cock crew,  
And the LORD turned and looked on him,  
Twice perjured, thrice untrue.

How sad then must have been the look  
Of that calm, patient eye ;  
I do not wonder that it made  
His own Saint Peter cry.

And, oh ! how terrible his grief  
When he went out alone,  
To weep, in bitter agony,  
What his false heart had done.

But well we know that his dear LORD  
His servant's sin forgave ;

For when his three days' sleep was o'er  
Within the conquered grave,

When first to Mary Magdalene  
He showed Him risen anew,  
"Go tell it my disciples all,"  
He said, "and Peter too."

And well, by deeds of after truth,  
The great Apostle proved  
How dearly that forgiving LORD,  
How faithfully, he loved ;

Who through contempt, and strife, and chains,  
Bore on his Master's name ;  
And died at last, by Rome's old wall,  
His Master's death of shame.

O CHRIST ! who loved Saint Peter so,  
Have mercy too on me,  
And make me patient, true, and brave,  
Denying self for Thee ;

That in Thy holy paths below  
My little feet may tread,  
With all Thy blessed company  
Of saints, alive and dead.

## ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE'S DAY.

Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized.—*St. Mark* x. 39.

**F**IRST martyred of CHRIST's chosen train!  
 Then did the mother plead in vain?  
 Or could she ask no higher fate,  
 Than when the vengeful Jewish king  
 Made thy true soul an offering  
 Unto his people's hate?

"Yea, LORD, my lip Thy cup would share,  
 I too Thy baptism would bear;"

So spake he in his strong desire;  
 Yet little deemed what Spirit bright  
 Would fill his soul with love and light,  
 Baptizing him with fire;

Nor thought how full of agony,  
 How deep and red the cup would be,  
 For his dear Master's lip outpoured;  
 Nor deemed how soon himself should know  
 Some portion of His bitter woe  
 Beneath the slayer's sword.

Yet favoured in his early fall,  
 O'er earthly pride and honours all,  
 Beyond his mother's fondest prayer,

We cannot tell who nearest stand  
Unto our Saviour's blest right hand,  
But sure Saint James is there.

Thus many times we make request ;  
Still hears our LORD, and gives the best ;—  
We ask for ease from all our woes ;  
He giveth patience to endure,  
High hope, meek sorrow's fittest cure,  
And toils that bring repose.

We, in our blind and selfish woe,  
When sickness lays our loved ones low,  
Ask for new health and lengthened life ;  
CHRIST in His mercy takes away  
The good man from the evil day,  
From toil, and sin, and strife.

And all is good, all given in love ;  
No faithful prayer sent up above,  
That doth not meet God's patient ear ;  
And whether joy, or ease, or pain,  
Or lingering grief His will ordain,  
We trust His mercies dear.

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee.

*St. John i. 48.*

**T**HERE was no sound in earth or air,  
 Save when the green leaves lightly blown  
 Did rustle on the fig-tree tall,  
 Where good Nathanael sat alone  
 Beneath that shadow darkly green ;  
 When not a human form was nigh,  
 And not one voice of living thing  
 Broke in upon his musings high.

And yet the eye that never sleeps  
 Was o'er him in his lonely rest,  
 Knew every simple, guileless thought,  
 And read the secrets of his breast.  
 Not yet had Philip bid him come  
 The presence of his LORD to share,  
 And yet unseen, unsought of him,  
 The very LORD Himself was there.

'Tis ever thus ; there is no hour,  
 No place on earth, where God is not ;  
 As well the wild flower on the hill  
 Might shun the noontide radiance hot,  
 As well the rock refuse to touch  
 The wave that circles at its base,

As sinful man attempt to flee  
The GOD that filleth time and space.


Not when, from joyous comrades far,  
Apart thy secret footsteps tread,  
Not when at night the curtains fall  
Around thy lone and silent bed.—  
The vast sea swells against the shore,  
The sunbeam gilds the flow'ret fair,  
GOD looketh upon all we do,  
His broad bright eye is everywhere.

Oh! happy when that piercing glance  
Our inmost souls shall search and scan,  
If they be found as true and pure  
As his, that guileless Jewish man.  
Happy if all our holy lives  
Like that beloved Saint's shall prove,  
As firm in self-denying zeal,  
As fervent in their loyal love.

What though no warning voice of man  
Be nigh to chide thy secret deed,  
Though, close within, no mortal eye  
Thy bosom's sinful purpose read;  
Yet, Christian, do the rightful act,  
Make clean thine heart in awful fear,  
God's mystic presence girds thee round;  
Be watchful, CHRIST Himself is near.

## ST. MATTHEW'S DAY.

And he left all, rose up, and followed Him.—*St. Luke vi. 28.*

“ MOTHER, mother, saw you not  
That lordly coach sweep by?  
How fast the four great horses went,  
They almost seemed to fly!  
I wish I had such costly things,  
And lived in high estate:  
It must be sure a pleasant thing  
To be so rich and great.”

“Hush, hush, my boy,” the mother said,  
“Put such vain thoughts away,  
How merrily the church-bells ring,  
It is Saint Matthew's day;  
Round our low cottage pleasantly  
Murmurs the autumn air;  
Come, take your little sister's hand,  
And fetch your book of prayer.

And we shall hear of better things  
Than gold or rich array,  
While gravely speaks the solemn priest,  
Or swells the sacred lay;  
And holier thoughts shall to our hearts  
Far brighter dreams inspire,  
When, kneeling down, we ask of God  
To check each wrong desire.



He was a rich man whom to-day,  
For lesson pure and high,  
In earnest prayer, and holy tale,  
We call to memory ;  
He sat beside his treasured heaps  
When the dear LORD drew near,  
He met the glance of His mild eye,  
His voice was in his ear ;

And not his hoards of gathered gold,  
His heaps of silver bright,  
Could hold him back whose soul had found  
The mine of true delight ;  
In vain earth spread her gayest dreams,  
And wealth her pleasures poured,  
He knew it better, happier far,  
To know and serve the LORD.


Dear boy, these outward things are fine,  
But they will fade and rust,  
There are true treasures up in heaven  
That never turn to dust ;  
And yet our foolish hearts forget,  
They love to linger here ;  
Oh, do we well to wish for that  
That makes this earth more dear ?

The gentle bells have ceased to chime,  
Come, learn a better lore ;  
Thou canst not rise, like him of old,  
And leave thy golden store ;

But the vain covetous desires  
That in thy bosom wake,  
The wish for what God has not given,  
These may thy soul forsake."

### ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

And to an innumerable company of angels.—*Heb. xii. 22.*

HE mother at the harvest toiled,  
And she had laid her babe to sleep  
Beside the hedge, while over him  
His little brother watch did keep.

Gravely the little guardian watched,  
In conscious pride, the close-sealed eyes,  
While, with his wand of birchen wood,  
He drove away the busy flies ;

And ever, when the baby stirred,  
He tried to sing some cradle air ;—  
I looked on the unconscious child,  
So heedless of its guardian's care.—

Still hot above the western hills  
The broad sun lingered, loth to leave  
The blitheness of that harvest scene  
Unlit ; it was Saint Michael's eve.

I thought upon the mysteries  
The morrow's rites would celebrate,  
Of the bright beings heavenly  
That all around us watch and wait ;

The spirits sent to minister  
Unto salvation's honoured heirs,  
The angel forms that come and go,  
And walk amongst us unawares.

But we are like that sleeping babe,  
Who thinks not on his guardian kind ;  
We wander on unheeding,ly,  
Nor call their presence to our mind ;

We kneel down when, at dewy eve,  
The sweet flowers fold their blossoms fair ;  
We think not who, with folded wings,  
Stand waiting on our offered prayer ;

Our eyes are dim in danger's hour,  
We see not half the Christian's aid,  
The armies of the God of Hosts  
For us in battle line arrayed ;

We think not how, in olden time,  
They triumphed o'er our deadliest foe ;  
We think not how they came by night  
The " tidings of great joy " to show ;

And how they watched redemption's work,  
In love and wonder waiting near,

140      *St. Michael and all Angels.*

And how they strike their gladdest strains,  
For every sinner's contrite tear.


Sweet thought ! that they so bright and blest,  
Whom care or sin can never soil,  
Should feel for poor man's happiness,  
And share his joys, and watch his toil.

And not in vain to us is given  
This fellowship invisible,  
That we may love as Angels love,  
And try to serve the LORD as well.—

The gleaners from the field were gone,  
I trod alone the twilight dew,  
I knew that GOD was with me there,  
GOD and His holy Angels too.

ST. LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

Only Luke is with me.—2 *Tim.* iv. 2.

 HIS voice was like the melting strain  
Of some sweet harp well strung,  
He loved to pour the gentle lays  
That holy lips have sung ;

Still echoing down the stream of time,  
As sweet the measure flows  
As when, by Judah's ancient hills,  
The sacred numbers rose ;

As when, perchance, within the cell  
Of the old martyr Paul,  
He sung them as the sun went down  
Along the Roman wall.

His was the gentle soothing art  
That stays the throb of pain,  
That to the racked and weary frame  
Brings joyous health again ;

And men have told, his hand could trace  
Fair forms of earth and sky,  
Could paint the evening's sunset glow,  
The morning's rosy dye.

Blest, who like him shall consecrate  
To GOD all highest powers ;—  
And if no touch of gifted hand,  
No charm of song be ours,

One art was his, one gentle art,  
That all alike may own,  
Who soothed the aged captive's pain  
Within his dungeon lone.

When Crescens sought Galatia's shore,  
When Demas false forsook,  
Nor even his Titus lingered nigh,  
Still stayed " beloved Luke ;"

Watched the bright star whose upward course  
His pen had traced before,


Set in the light of martyrdom  
On that Italian shore.

Still, all the year, in holy Church,  
At morn and even song,  
The lovely lays he treasured up  
Our infant lips prolong ;

And still dear love and kindliness  
Our inmost hearts may touch,  
And we can soothe the cares of age,  
And cheer the sick man's couch.

#### ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

And Thaddeus, and Simon the Canaanite.  
*St. Mark iii. 18.*

 HE fair ship sailing o'er the sea,  
When loud the winds at midnight roar,  
Sees far away the beacon light  
That warns or welcomes to the shore.

Above the glowing wave it burns,  
Between the ocean and the sky,  
The weary sailors bless the beam  
With grateful heart and steadfast eye.

They cannot see the careful hands  
That tend for them that kindly spark,

They only mark its radiance thrown  
Across the waters deep and dark.

Our life is like a dark wild sea  
Where spirits fail in trial's hour,  
God's Word to us is as the light  
From the tost seaman's beacon tower.

Above our strife, through all our fears,  
The constant ray falls clear and bright;  
But for the hands that lit of old,  
And fed our watch-fire on the height,

A few brief words of Holy Writ,  
A name just breaking through the gloom  
That shrouds their early martyrdom,  
Is all that meets us of their doom.


But still our light is bright afar,  
Still safe we sail the dark deep sea,  
Led onward by our guiding star,  
Where all the blest shall ever be.

And what to us their earthly course,  
Who follow in the flame they fanned,  
Who know their faithful toil is o'er,  
Their ships have touched the silver strand?

And as we trace the glorious beam,  
And praise the LORD all good and great,  
We pause to bless their pious care,  
Their holy deeds to emulate.

## ALL SAINTS' DAY.

To the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to GOD the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.—*Heb. xii. 23.*

 HERE'S many a happy household band  
 Brought up around one father's knee,  
 And fed by the same mother's hand  
 Through all their happy infancy ;  
 But years roll on, the world is wide,  
 And seas perchance and lands divide  
 The brothers that played side by side,  
 The sisters loved so tenderly.

Yet faithful still, though far apart,  
 They wear their childhood's early chain,  
 Still truly thrills each kindred heart  
 To others' joy, for others' pain ;  
 And if one lonely pilgrim dies,  
 The tears fall down from many eyes,  
 And still their home's old sympathies  
 Will sometimes wake again.

There is a holy household, bound  
 In closer bond than ties of home  
 Or kindred claim ; the wide earth round,  
 Those children of one Father roam.



Space cannot mar their unison,  
For still their hopes and joys are one,  
In town, and plain, and desert lone,  
And far isles girt with foam.

And time, that wears each other bond,  
Breaks not that holy brotherhood ;  
The patriarchal days beyond,  
Beyond the old destroying flood,  
It clasps dim ages far away,  
It holds the true of every day,  
Who love the LORD and choose His way,  
The faithful, wise, and good.

Nor even death dissolves the charm  
With his cold touch so stern and chill ;  
The love that braved all other harm  
Shrinks trembling from that last worst ill,  
And men seal up the fading eye,  
They seek no more for sympathy  
From lips that cannot frame reply ;  
But saints look further still.

For them the dead can never die,  
With them the living strive and pray ;  
Oh, happy commune, pure and high,  
And happy all who feel its sway,  
Blest in their own redeeming LORD,  
And blest by His own precious word ;—  
Well may we linger to record  
Our brothers dear to-day ;

The gentle warriors bold and kind,  
With steadfast brow and solemn tone,  
The holy men of earnest mind,  
Whose prayers are mingling with our own ;  
And they, for ever blest and bright,  
With robes in CHRIST's own blood washed white,  
With palms in hand, and crowns of light,  
Who stand around His throne.

FINIS.

